

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1937

NUMBER 1196

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Swing Your Partners!

Like partners in old-fashioned square dances, the fascist nations step forth in turn to try their fortunes. The Italian adventure in Spain was followed by the Japanese in China, and now Germany is balancing in the corner of her major field of interest—Central and Eastern Europe. The Nazis have finally taken over control of the “free city” of Danzig and are carrying on there a persecution of the Jews and non-conformist political elements, in defiance of the League of Nations guarantee. This was almost immediately followed by a bitter press campaign against Czechoslovakia, on the alleged ground that the government was using repressive measures upon the German and Nazi minority in that country—a minority, incidentally, that before the War was for the most part not German but Austrian. If Czechoslovakia goes, Austria and Hungary will of course be compelled to swing frankly within the German sphere of influence, and rumors of underground reorientation are already reported from these countries. It is possible, however, that Germany will

again stay her hand, because an unofficial spokesman of the French government promptly issued an unmistakable warning that aggression against Czechoslovakia would at once bring France into action, through the treaty between the two nations. That would mean a general European war. It is apparent that the aggressors will go just as far as they can without encountering forcible resistance by more powerful armies but that if the forbidden borders are made clear to them they may stop there. Credible threats of strong measures might have given them pause long ago; certainly nothing else will.

Market Worries

The stock market has been bouncing up and down so rapidly that it is hard to tell at any given moment whether what is going on is a long-term decline or an advance, yet there is no doubt that the tendency has been downward from August to the present. Two questions are constantly being asked—first, does the slump in stocks represent a business recession that is likely to continue, and, second, will the fall in stock values, irrespective of its source, cause in turn a business decline? A resumé of the situation in *The London Economist* of October 16—for the London market has also felt the downward pressure—finds no economic cause for alarm. In every direction the situation seems to be far more sound than it was in 1929. Strangely enough, at least to jittery American readers, *The Economist* does not even mention the regulation of the SEC as a possible factor, or blame American politics. It does, however, say that “the American position is the greatest enigma of them all.” The purchasing power of both farmers and wage-earners is rising, and there are arrears of necessary capital equipment to be made up. Why then should we anticipate anything but good business? The editor comes to the conclusion that the trouble must be mainly psychological, and points to the uncertainty in international affairs as the principal cause of worry. In other words, everybody is afraid of war. Such fear cannot help having economic as well as political consequences.

A Triumph for Non-Intervention

One phase of the Spanish war ended with the fall of Gijon on October 21. Franco has now conquered all of the 200-mile strip of territory that the Loyalists held along the Bay of Biscay. It is the second

Spanish industrial region (after Catalonia), and the spoils of war include blast furnaces, shipyards, coal mines in the mountains near Oviedo and the arms factory at Trubia. Franco can now transfer most of his northern army to the Aragon front, while leaving behind a fairly heavy garrison to control the guerilla bands that will still be fighting in the hills. By their defense of Gijon, the Asturian miners gave the Loyalists time to reorganize the army in Aragon, and this means that Franco's reinforcements in that sector will be vastly less effective than if they had come in July or August. Actually more dangerous to the Loyalists are the Rebel warships off the Biscay coast; Franco can now transfer them into the Mediterranean.

Gijon fell because it was blockaded by sea and isolated by land. It fell because Irun had fallen thirteen months before, thus closing the railway from France. And Irun fell because the militiamen ran out of ammunition—while three carloads of cartridges for their machine guns were waiting in the freight yards just across the border. Meanwhile Franco was getting everything he needed from Italy and Germany. In the last analysis, his conquest of the Biscay coast was the work of the Non-Intervention Committee. And now that committee is moving on toward further triumphs. We don't have to make a comment on its latest decisions, because David Low, of *The London Evening Standard*, has already done the job for us in one of his cartoons. Here is a description of it, as cabled to *The New York Times*:

In the drawing Ivan M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador, Charles Corbin, French Ambassador, and Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, are peering under the hood of a new limousine, chauffeured by a grinning Count Dino Grandi, Italy's representative. Count Grandi is ushering a begowned Lady Peace into the back seat.

This streamlined car is labeled "Mediterranean Run-Around—Presented to the Non-Intervention Committee by Mussolini." The title of the sketch is "It's Rude to Look a Gift Car in the Bonnet." Under the "bonnet" where the engine should be is a lemon.

Advertising the Reds

Opponents of communism in the United States ought to fear more than anything else the Red-baiting campaigns that continually take place in politics. For it is almost invariably true that a candidate who takes to calling his opponents Reds is defeated, and that his defeat is deserved because he has nothing better to say. This result occurs not, as one might think, because the Communists are strong, but because candidates who are forced to this extremity are afraid of real issues and are grasping at straws. The latest example is that of Mr. Mahoney, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York. Mr. LaGuardia is certain to be reelected by an overwhelming majority—as certain, that is, as anything in politics can be. Mr. Mahoney cannot prove to the voters that Mr. LaGuardia has been a bad mayor,

or that he would be a better one. But evidently he hopes that he can scare conservatives into voting for him by pinning the Communist label on Mr. LaGuardia or members of his official family, or by bringing in the issue of the Spanish civil war in order to corral the Catholics. A recent attempt of this sort was a mendacious attack on Commissioner of Accounts Blanshard, who, as everyone who knows him can testify, used to be a rather mild Socialist and broke with his party to join the present city administration. Labor has remonstrated with Senator Wagner for speaking in behalf of his former law partner and fellow Democrat. We do not blame the Senator for that, but we think that he might have asked Mr. Mahoney to observe the elementary decencies of politics in return for his adherence.

Petition Denied

The Supreme Court has refused to rehear the case of Haywood Patterson. For six and one-half years he, as the most widely publicized of the nine Negroes arrested in 1931 for their alleged attack on Ruby Bates and Victoria Price near Scottsboro, Alabama, has been the center of worldwide attention because his name became the symbol for a conviction based on racial prejudice rather than on the evidence presented to the jury. Twice Patterson was found guilty and sentenced to death. Twice the Supreme Court of the United States, finding that his trial had been unfair, ordered that the case be reheard. In January, 1936, the court of Morgan County, Alabama, found him guilty and sentenced him to seventy-five years in prison. In June, 1937, the Alabama Supreme Court upheld that decision and now, by refusing to rehear the case, the United States Supreme Court has closed the only road to Patterson's freedom that still remained open. All semblance of justice fell from the prosecution of the Scottsboro boys when, in July of this year, four of the defendants were set free in a "compromise" decision by the Alabama court. The repudiation of her original testimony by Ruby Bates had already robbed the prosecution of the bulk of its evidence, but the "compromise" verdict showed that an attempt was being made to get rid of the affair by attempting to offer some satisfaction to both sides. There is no more reason to believe Patterson guilty than the four who were released, but, barring some unforeseen turn of events, he will have to spend the rest of his life in prison.

Drug on the Market

Forty-six people have died as a result of taking a poisonous drug called Massengill's Elixir Sulfanilamide, manufactured by the S. E. Massengill Company of Bristol, Tennessee. The Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture has thrown its entire force into the task of tracing shipments of the poison in the hope that further fatalities may be avoided. If there were an adequate food-and-drug law in the United States it is unlikely that an incident of this sort could have happened,

but remember that the federal government has no real authority over the preparation and distribution of patent medicines. New and virtually untried drugs are placed upon the market almost daily, subject to control only by the conscience of the manufacturer. It is well to remember that the opposition of the patent-medicine manufacturers of Tennessee—home of the fatal “elixir”—to the strong Food and Drug Act as it was originally proposed was an important factor in its subsequent emasculation. Through a technicality (that the drug was misbranded an elixir) the government authorities have been able to take action in stopping further shipments of this drug. If it is properly labeled, however, there is no law which can now prevent the sale of this poison or prevent additional fatalities from its use. The simple remedy is a food-and-drugs act requiring that all medicines placed upon the market shall be safe to use under the directions given.

The Banks and Anthracite

Pennsylvania's Anthracite Coal Industry Commission has accused J. P. Morgan and Company, together with a group of its financial allies, of dominating both the anthracite-producing and the anthracite-carrying industries in the Keystone state. This is an old, familiar charge. In the past, especially about 1920, it has been the subject of public indignation. At that time the Supreme Court ordered the dissolution of the control of the anthracite-mining companies by the anthracite-carrying railroads. Despite the Court's decision seventeen years ago, the same financial bloc still apparently controls both industries, but in a less direct way; in the place of simple domination there is a confusing maze of related directorates which serves to conceal the complete coöperation between the various companies. Public opinion remains lukewarm on the subject because anthracite coal has lost its monopoly position as the fuel for heating homes through the introduction of new substitutes, especially oil. The question at present is what will be best for the industry itself? Would the removal of monopoly methods help sell more coal and increase employment, and thereby put the sickly and languishing hard-coal business back on its feet?

Hero Demolished

Forthright Governor Frederick J. Cone of Florida was *The New Republic's* hero of the week of October 20, but since then he has come to New York City. We have inscribed and underlined in our journal of Lessons for Today the observation that heroes are nicer at a distance and this is the reason why. While Governor Cone was visiting the city and planning Florida's exhibit of its “resources and advantages” at the 1939 World's Fair, he allowed himself to be interviewed by a group of six, representing the Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa—where Joseph Shoemaker was flogged to death in 1935. During the course of the interview Governor Cone is reported to have said,

“I think that a man ought to be hung on a tree if he advocates overthrow of the American government.” Right then our hero crumpled before our eyes. His statement was sickening enough just because it was totally irrelevant to the cases under discussion, and excused Florida's unenviable record for violence and brutality (presumably not to be exhibited at the World's Fair). But the second implication of his remark destroyed all our belief in his candid outspokenness. He was asked to explain his state's attitude toward union organization, but instead of speaking up he retreated behind the old screen of Red hysteria, behaving just like any bad politician who is afraid to face the fact.

The Nation's Income

The National Treasury figures on income-tax receipts for 1935, which have recently been published, show eight more million-dollar incomes than in 1934, bringing the total to forty-one. There are, however, significant figures concealed within the mass of routine statistics. For example, the fact that only 3.64 percent of the estimated population of the country had net incomes of more than \$2,500 shows how narrow is our base of income-tax revenue, and how heavily we depend upon concealed, indirect taxation to support the expense of government. On its face value the report for 1935 shows an increase, indicating that the United States was substantially more prosperous in 1935 than in 1934. Average income for each report filed was \$3,258 in 1935 against \$3,125 in the previous year, but the surface fact is misleading. The gain in average income was, for the most part, the result of the Treasury's increased activity in rounding up income-tax dodgers, rather than a greater national income.

A Cycle Is Completed

If you are fifty or older you may remember the days of the traveling stereopticon lecturer. He went from town to town—sometimes on the Chautauqua or Lyceum circuit—giving his lecture to the accompaniment of “lantern slides.” The movies put him out of business, except a very few of the best of his type, like Burton Holmes; and now the movies, indirectly, are bringing him back again, not in the flesh but in the form of a mechanical substitute, a robot lecturer. From the ever informative pages of *Popular Mechanics* we learn of a great new industry that is springing up—the preparation of lectures recorded on sound film or phonograph disks and accompanied by stereopticon views. They are simple to make and to show, tremendously cheaper than talking motion pictures and for many purposes are much more effective. They are used in the classroom, to explain complicated new mechanical apparatus to salesmen or service crews, and in advertising direct to the consumer. Thus technology completes a cycle, or very nearly so. We doubt, however, whether the revived form can ever have for the young people of today the thrill that came, forty years ago, from seeing the lecturer stride from the

dining room of the American House, toothpick between teeth, of watching him (weather permitting) don his great fur-collared overcoat and go to the meeting hall, of seeing the lights go down and the first picture flash on the wrinkled screen while a rich baritone boomed: "We are in Rome. . . ."

News Notes of a Week

In a letter to the House and Senate agriculture committees President Roosevelt stated his position on crop control. He warned against any move to stabilize prices without accompanying control over farm surpluses and recommended, in that direction, the "ever normal granary" plan of Secretary Wallace. . . . The Interstate Commerce Commission authorized freight-rate increases on a limited list of basic commodities which are expected to yield an additional \$47,500,000 a year to the railroads. The railroads say it will not be enough to cover the wage increases and will ask for more. . . . General Baron Sadao Araki, who has recently become a member of Premier Konoye's high advisory council, declared that it is probably necessary for Japan to strike directly at Russia in order to eliminate Communist influence from the Far East. . . . The resignation of Belgium's Premier Paul van Zeeland and his entire Cabinet to defend themselves against charges of irregularities in the management of the National Bank caused the postponement of the Nine Power conference until at least November 3.

The Basis of Labor Unity

AS THIS editorial is written, committees of the CIO and the A. F. of L. are conferring to see whether peace can now be made between the two organizations. By the time it reaches the reader, the conference may have ended in a failure or, as now seems less likely, in success. Regardless of the immediate result, however, it is desirable to make certain general observations that will hold true.

First, it is important to remember the falsity of the most frequent charges against the CIO. These are—that it is a brand-new and dangerous kind of labor movement; that it is an expression of the personal ambition of John L. Lewis, who wants to become a dictator, and is ruled by him with an iron hand; that it is "irresponsible" in a way that A. F. of L. unions are not. The fact is that the nucleus of the CIO, which formed the new committee some two years ago, carrying more than a million members with it, consisted of some of the oldest, most capable and most responsible unions in the Federation. The United Mine Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Typographical Union and the rest did not suddenly change their views and practices just because they joined a committee with new initials. The new unions in automobiles, steel and other industries that have been organized under the aegis of these old ones are not

essentially different except in the matter of being younger and less experienced. They are regulation trade unions of a type with which this country has long been familiar. Nor is Mr. Lewis a dictator. He is chairman of a committee containing other able and forceful men who would not submit to dictation, such as Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated. And the unions of which these men are the chiefs are, on the average, more democratic in their constitutions and practices than the unions left in the old federation.

Those who were alarmed and shocked by the sit-down strikes in automobiles should remember that the CIO did not invent the sit-down, that it was not used in steel and many other industries, and that the bulk of the organizing done by the Committee has been successfully consummated in agreements without any strikes at all. The textile campaign, for instance, has so far been a model of persuasion—though bitter conflicts may arise before it is over. The important fact is, however, that the CIO leaders are just as eager for peaceful and constructive settlements as any trade-union official.

Why, then, the CIO at all? If it does not differ from the A. F. of L. in these respects, how does it differ? Its main objective from the first has been to use energetic action in organizing the unorganized in mass-production industries. This program has required certain conditions that the A. F. of L. leadership would not furnish. It has required, first, positive assurance to the workers in a given industry that they could all be members of the same union, bargaining as a unit with their respective employers, instead of being split up into craft unions. It has required, second, plenty of money and energy in organizing campaigns. And finally it has required the best brains and leadership that the older unions could supply in putting the new ones on their feet. In short, whereas the A. F. of L. never went into the job of organizing the unorganized on a broad scale as if it meant business, the CIO has done so. Its consequent success is obvious to all.

Now that the organizing campaign, though far from finished, has registered substantial victories, the main lines of possible peace between the two labor bodies are clear. The A. F. of L. must recognize and be ready to admit to full membership the new industrial unions that have been formed. It must accept the methods of the CIO in completing the organization campaign. Both the CIO and the A. F. of L. must agree not to set up competing unions in fields already strongly organized by either one. Where substantial competition already exists—as in the electrical-equipment industry, the maritime unions and certain white-collar occupations, a detailed canvass of the situation must be made with a view to amalgamating the competing bodies. All the officials involved must be prepared to submit their present positions and power to the future endorsement of democratic processes.

Peace in the labor movement is highly desirable and should before long be achieved. But it is equally

important not to sacrifice the interests of the rank-and-file workers. It is inconceivable, for instance, that the CIO unions should come back into the Federation as penitents, surrendering the newly organized to be split up among miscellaneous craft unions, and ending the organizing campaigns now under way. Nor is it conceivable that they should come back without full voting rights. They are strong enough to go it alone if they cannot make peace on honorable and reasonable terms. Will the A. F. of L. officials be ready to make the necessary concessions? On this depends the chance of peace that nine out of every ten union members desire.

Republican Puzzle

IN THE hazy background of the news, readers may have noticed a gentle duel going on between Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Alfred M. Landon for leadership of the Republican Party. One is the most recent—in fact, the only surviving—member of his party to have occupied the presidency; the other is its latest presidential candidate. Each position, taken by itself, may be supposed to carry with it the titular national leadership. Mr. Hoover wants a mid-term party conference to boost morale and decide on a line of action. Mr. Landon does not want the conference; evidently he fears that it would be a flop. Both are making radio speeches; Mr. Landon in his first one having broken a silence concerning public affairs that he has maintained ever since the election. All this maneuvering raises again the question of the future of the Republican Party and its chances in the next election.

Obviously, Mr. Roosevelt's second term has not been going so well as his first. Second terms seldom do. Not since Andrew Jackson has any President—with the possible exception of Theodore Roosevelt—come out of his last four years in office as strong with the electorate as when he took the oath for the second time. The Democratic Party has been split wide apart, in matters of policy if not in election machinery. The President took a licking from Congress on the Supreme Court issue, effective as his proposal was in changing the attitude of the Court itself. He suffered further loss of prestige in the Black-Klan mess. Prospects for a united front on the unfinished program of domestic reforms do not look favorable. The stock market has been falling; business recession may continue. A war crisis threatens in foreign affairs. The time has come to balance the budget, yet it cannot be done without either cutting relief or increasing taxes. Labor support for the administration is endangered by the A. F. of L.-CIO split.

All this looks as if the chance of the opposition were about to come. Yet the Republican Party seems to be under a fatal handicap in seizing that chance. It has neither suitable candidates nor a consistent policy. The duel between Messrs. Hoover and Landon does not fire anyone's imagination since neither

could possibly be elected. A party led by either one would be hopeless. Who else is there? The Governor of Vermont or the Governor of Maine? Most of our readers will not even remember their names. Mr. Knox, who ran for Vice President with Mr. Landon? We hear no cheers. Some Senator, then? Of course, there is Mr. Vandenberg of Michigan. But he does not seem to be a strong opposition leader. The curious fact is that the principal opposition to the President in Congress has come from members of his own party. The ideal Republican candidate would be a Southern Democratic Senator—or possibly Mr. Wheeler of Montana. The only Republicans or quasi-Republicans who have national reputations and are popular are men in the administration's camp, or at least so far to the left that the Republicans would not think of nominating them—men like the La Follettes, LaGuardia or even Borah.

There is a similar difficulty about policy. The most heated and most concentrated opposition to the President comes from the reactionary forces of the country. It consists of people who would like to undo everything the New Deal has attempted, people who are hostile to labor and to programs for relief of agriculture, people who are opposed to federal regulation, federal spending and aid to the unemployed. But in spite of the President's difficulties, an overwhelming majority of the voters still favors the general line he has followed. In order to elect a candidate who has Mr. Roosevelt's approval it is necessary only to dramatize him with this type of opposition. What is the alternative? To stand to the left of Mr. Roosevelt? The Republicans could hardly do that. Mr. Landon tried in his speech what seemed to be another logical course—a course that has been followed with some success by the Tories in Great Britain. It accepts the general objectives which the electorate has endorsed, but argues that they are being compromised by badly drawn laws or poor administration—and, in this case, are being sought by unconstitutional means. This attack might be successful in the long run, but Mr. Landon's speech on the subject fell as coldly, gently and ineffectually as the first autumn snow, and vanished as quickly.

If nothing unforeseen develops before the next campaign, it looks as if the Democrats would pull themselves together again for the purpose of electing a President, smothering the Republicans under still another blanket of votes, while the real issues are fought out inside the ruling party. If they do not, and the party carries into the election the division that already is so marked in legislative matters, an outcome is possible that would be the height of political irony. The Republicans may nominate a Democrat and the Democrats a Republican. For what would be a more simple and logical division than Senator Byrd, let us say, running with the support of the Republican and Democratic economic royalists, against Senator or Governor La Follette, backed by Roosevelt progressives and the labor vote?

The Church in Spain and China

EVIDENCE mounts up against the political wisdom of the Catholic Church. A report has come over the wires of the Associated Press that messages from the Vatican to Catholic missions in the Far East urge coöperation with Japanese action in China whenever "Bolshevist danger appears active" as a part of the Church's worldwide campaign against communism. This revelation follows closely upon the heels of the controversy over the support the Catholic hierarchy in Spain has bestowed upon the fascist forces of General Franco. From the point of view of the Church there is no close parallel between the Spanish Fascists and the Japanese militarists it has chosen to support, aside from the fact that both represent, in a general way, the forces of reaction, of rule by violence; of the very principles which the Church ought to abhor. The Catholic Church has, during its recent history, repeatedly shocked those who have clung to the hope that it might become a progressive, enlightened force in the world. Now it seems that the rulers in the Vatican are determined to shake off even those few hopefuls by supporting the proponents of reaction.

There have been protests from members of the hierarchy against the report of Church support for Japan. Monseigneur Joseph Pizzardo, under-secretary of the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, conferred with the Pope at the Vatican City and then declared that the report was "absolutely false and officially denied." The apostolic delegate in Washington requested the Associated Press to issue a complete denial to its member newspapers, but the AP, having rechecked the story written by Charles H. Guptill of the Rome Bureau, has stuck fast to the original release and has denied nothing. Editor and Publisher for October 23 describes the battle of refutations and the careful substantiation the Associated Press required before it published the original dispatch. Until the Church issues a statement explaining how it does stand on the Sino-Japanese war, there is no reason to believe that the AP story, containing eight specific instructions to the Catholic representatives in China, does not represent the real attitude of Pope Pius toward the Far Eastern aggression.

While the Church seems to desire secrecy about its action in China, it makes no bones about its adherence to the campaign of General Franco in Spain. The interchange of communications between Protestant and Catholic leaders in the United States has at least served the valuable function of bringing both points of view out into the daylight for public examination. In answer to a letter signed by 150 Protestant clergymen, educators and laymen who took issue with the pastoral letter of the Spanish hierarchy supporting General Franco, 175 Catholic sympathizers in the United States signed a reply

elaborating their view of the Spanish civil war. In brief their charges were these:

That the cause of the Loyalist government had been taken up by the rest of the world before all the facts in the case were known; that the basic cause of the war was popular opposition to the attempt by the government to "sovietize" Spain and suppress essential civil liberties. The reply stated that if an election were held at the present time throughout all Spain "an overwhelming popular vote would freely be given to General Franco."

It is of course impossible to accept the picture of the Spanish Civil war that the 175 Catholics have painted. No one who has followed the course of the conflict with care can believe that the Rebels, backed by Italian men and munitions, represent the great popular voice of Spain crying out against the Red encroachments. It is true, of course, that the elected government has shown no sympathy for the Catholic Church in Spain, where its record has been probably blacker than anywhere else in the world. That the Church should say its position is justifiable because it is allied with the will of the majority is an ironic misrepresentation of the course of events. Before the civil war began in July, 1936, a democratic election gave the people of Spain an opportunity to chose their own leaders and they picked a government far to the left of the political views the Church then held. The Rebel forces rose up against the duly constituted government because the democratic process vested them with no authority, and the Catholic Church decided to throw in its lot with the armed minority. Now, when the course of the civil war has destroyed—temporarily at least—the workings of the republican government, the Church declares confidence in the idea that it has, along with Franco's forces, the popular support of the Spanish people. It is a wild idea and one contradicted by all the available facts from Spain, where this "popular movement of revolt," even when armed with Italian and German equipment and fighting with foreign soldiers, is deadlocked by the people of Spain fighting to preserve the government they have already elected.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

Nine Power Politics

THE Nine Power conference convenes in Brussels to deliberate formally on the war in China, and there is even less reason to anticipate anything from its deliberations than there is from the usual international conference. There is only one thing it can do, and that is so scandalous that it will probably hesitate to do it—accept a Far Eastern equivalent of the Hoare-Laval agreement.

What else can the nations there assembled do? What is there to deliberate about? Not even the Japanese deny that they have violated the Nine Power Pact. They have been saying for years that the treaty was nullified by Far Eastern developments, that it no longer conformed to the "realities" of the Far Eastern situation. The treaty has been violated; and then what?

Punitive measures against Japan for her breach of international contract are farthest from the thoughts of the nations represented at Brussels, principally because they know there are no punitive measures they can take. England and France have their hands full, America is still unobliging. They can pass resolutions to "keep the record clear," but that is hardly worth the expense accounts of the delegates. They would like to bring the war in China to a close. But how, and on what terms?

Threat and persuasion are futile. The Japanese will stand resolute against the former and not even listen to the latter. Now less than ever, when they have gone into action and have had a measure of success, will they relax the principle that third powers cannot interfere between them and the Chinese. All their prestige is bound up with that principle. Mediation as such they will not consider, but mediation as a means of achieving a victory over China without incurring further losses in men and materials and money they might accept. Here lies the danger of the Brussels conference.

That something of the sort is in the minds of some of the nations at Brussels is, I think, more than likely, but that it can materialize is another matter. It is no secret that there are influential groups in both England and France that have for years believed it was useless to kick against the pricks in the Far East. The Japanese were strong and would not be denied. Let them have as much of their way in China as will not unduly penalize Western nations in China: in principle the old apportionment into spheres, of course.

Six years ago this had reference to Manchuria only. Let the Japanese have Manchuria, so long as they let alone North China and the Yangtze Valley, where the interests of other powers, notably Great Britain, were concentrated. And simplify the whole business by persuading the Chinese to be conciliatory. A certain amount of pressure in this

direction has in fact been applied to China in the last few years, but without effect.

The same reasoning holds now, though less forcefully, since Japan has moved its expansion one step farther. Now North China too would go the way of Manchuria and then only the Yangtze Valley and South China would be left open to foreign trade. But even that is more than might be left if the Japanese are allowed to continue unimpeded. So the attempt may be made again to strike a bargain. Japan gets the five provinces of North China on which her army has had its eyes since 1934 on condition that she keep out of the rest of China.

The attempt may very well be made. The wish, I think, is there. But its success is highly doubtful. American consent is hard to imagine. Certainly it could not be openly granted. It is even harder to see how such a bargain could be imposed on China. There are no doubt certain elements in China that believe it is better to keep half a loaf than lose the whole. They are far less numerous than they were, but they do exist. It is more true now, however, than it was a year ago that any government in China that made such an agreement would be overthrown within a fortnight. I cannot imagine the Nanking government making such a peace, and I think one may say dogmatically that it could not carry out such a peace. A large part of China's armed forces would simply continue fighting. And sooner or later Nanking would be swept away.

It is doubtful too whether Japan would agree. It is true that it has begun to dawn even on the most obscurantist Japanese colonel that the war is no six-weeks affair. It is true that those Japanese not completely obscurantist are worried. Their worst fears are beginning to materialize: a long war that will exhaust first Japan's military reserves and then her capital reserves. They would welcome a settlement that could stop this side of the abyss and at the same time satisfy the army.

It is true also that by any rational calculation such an agreement would be a diplomatic as well as a military victory for Japan. On strategical considerations alone Japan would get what she wants. Assuming that Japan can hold the area in North China her troops have occupied (a risky assumption), Japan has now attained the objects for which she went to war. She has cut a wedge in China to be incorporated into the Japan-Manchukuo economic bloc, and she has a springboard from which to leap at Soviet Russia's vitals. Shanghai she presumably did not want and can afford to give up. A show of compromise, whereby she kept North China with the blessing of the Western Powers, would seem to be elementary diplomatic strategy. Theoretically the Japanese would leap at it.

I rather doubt that they will. In the first place, rational calculations seldom determine the decisions of armies in action. In the second place, no tincture of reason has ever been detected in the Japanese army. In the third place, the dominant element in the army has come to the conclusion that China must be crushed once for all, that her resistance must be paralyzed at the center; and very likely this is sound. Compromise, therefore, might be only an interruption of the war rather than the end. In the fourth place, there are psychological considerations that surmount all others.

Japan may have North China in accordance with her plans, but her face is engaged around Shanghai in a way that no military and strategic victory could compensate for. Japan may not want Shanghai—I think even this is too lightly taken for granted—but now that a battle has been under way at Shanghai for two months she must have a military victory there. Otherwise no gain of territory would counterbalance the loss of face.

The Japanese army might one day resign itself fatalistically to defeat by a Western army, but the admission, even by implication, that after two months of fighting it could not disperse a Chinese army is one that it cannot make. It cannot do so and keep the respect of the Chinese, the respect of the Japanese people and its own self-respect. As a matter of fact, the loss of face Japan has already suffered at Shanghai is the worst defeat of any kind Japan has sustained since Hideyoshi failed to conquer Korea at the end of the sixteenth century. This may not be understood in the West, but it is both understood and felt in the Far East. It is perhaps the most important aspect of the war to date, and it may have the most lasting consequences.

It might be the part of political wisdom and mili-

tary strategy for the Japanese to accede to a settlement that gave them North China while imposing a withdrawal from Shanghai—a genteel Hoare-Laval agreement, in other words. But I do not think they will do so. The imponderables will weigh more heavily in their decision. Nevertheless it is better to take added assurance in vigilance. The doings at Brussels will bear watching with a penetrating eye.

And though the conference may be doomed to fritter off into nullity with a few valedictory generalities meaning nothing, all may not have been in vain. For an opportunity will be afforded to correct a deviation from normality which has caused certain European governments not a little distress. I refer to the American government's refusal to leap gallantly to the fore at the first sign of trouble in the Far East, especially when Japan has made the trouble. This has not happened before in this generation and—since the famous “quarantine” speech, who knows?—it may not happen again. But it has happened. The government at Washington sat unmoved in the first weeks of the war, waiting for England to take the first steps. And one needs no clairvoyant powers but only a knowledge of history to know that no object will be more diligently pursued at Brussels than that of bringing America back to the path whence she should never have strayed. She must be induced or maneuvered once more into the position of carrying the ball in whatever offense may be contemplated against Japan. For if to America can be delegated the task of maintaining the *status quo* in the Far East, England and France can be free to pursue single-heartedly more pressing matters in the Mediterranean. Thus we return to Far Eastern folkways, and all will not have been in vain at Brussels. This too might bear watching at the conference.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Benson: Labor Governor

FOR A TIME, friends of the Minnesota administration feared that the intense and desperate newspaper campaign against Governor Elmer A. Benson was having its effect. It is quite clear now, however, that the newspapers overplayed their game, and Farmer-Labor strength in Minnesota is again on the upgrade. People are beginning to think that Elmer Benson must be right because the daily press says he is wrong.

Class lines in Minnesota, just as in the nation at large, have been more sharply drawn since the November, 1936, elections, and there is a more definite alignment of forces. But some of the middle-class support which the newspapers succeeded in frightening away from the administration is returning. The small business man is beginning to realize that Benson's fight with the reactionaries in the legislature for taxing wealth more heavily is his fight

as well as that of the home-owner and the farmer.

Governor Benson succeeded, despite opposition from a conservative-controlled Senate and in the face of a storm of newspaper abuse, in forcing through a tax program that lowered the state levy on real property several mills and in obtaining passage of a measure that exempts homesteads from the state tax levy for the first \$4,000 valuation. Appropriations, however, because of social security and relief, were several million dollars greater than ever before. The tax program that the Legislature adopted is far from the one based on ability to pay which the administration recommended, but Minnesota is farther advanced in that direction than any other state in the union.

It is becoming apparent that the Minnesota bumper crop will not have the effect of driving the farmer to the Right. Hoover's 30-cent wheat is still

too vivid in his mind. The farmer is showing no inclination to become once more a political bedfellow of the Minneapolis Republican grain gambler who grew fat in the past by fleecing him.

The A. F. of L.-CIO split within labor's ranks, it is true, presents some concern for the Farmer-Labor Party, but Governor Benson's efforts in behalf of labor as a whole have held down to a minimum the political effects of this disunity.

One of the most healthful signs in the political picture in Minnesota is that mass support for the liberal movement has grown—the base has become larger and more solid. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that Governor Benson has waged an uncompromising fight for the great masses of people.

Elmer Benson today is America's labor Governor No. 1. In that respect he is so far in the lead that no other Governor comes even close to him. It was no accident that while Governor Martin Davey of Ohio was ordering his National Guard to break the steel strike under the guise of "protecting the sacred right to work," and even Governor George Earle of Pennsylvania covered up his desertion of labor's cause by resorting to Red-baiting phrases, Governor Benson was using the full power of his office to bring about a settlement in the St. Paul truck-drivers' strike favorable to labor.

This was a familiar role for Benson. He took a hand when it became obvious that the St. Paul city administration, through numerous acts of brutality against the strikers by the police, had shown hostility toward the cause of the workers.

The significant fact was not that Benson called both groups to his office in an effort to bring them together. It was that he insisted that the strike be settled on terms which granted labor its legitimate rights. "I would rather have John L. Lewis sit in than Governor Benson," an employer told me.

I was in Detroit when Governor Murphy worked night and day to bring the automobile workers and General Motors together—worked virtually to the point of physical exhaustion. But it must be recorded that Governor Murphy was more interested in obtaining an agreement than in the kind of agreement it should be. I have observed Governor Benson in a number of labor controversies and in each case he was battling to see that labor won its rights. In not a single instance did he consent to compromise of the right to collective bargaining through unions of the workers' own choosing.

It is argued that a Governor has no legal authority to compel a strike settlement and therefore cannot be a real factor in labor disputes. But he is commander-in-chief of the state's military forces—and Minnesota employers do not want the troops ever called out again by a Farmer-Labor Governor. One experience was enough.

When Benson first took office, a lumberjacks' strike developed in northern Minnesota. The lumberjack has been the most abused and the most exploited worker in the state. This strike was to have been an easy one for the bosses. All that was nec-

essary, they thought, was to starve the "jacks" into submission. That had never been difficult. The Governor's first move was to summon the state relief administrator, whom he directed to prevent suffering among the lumberjacks because of the strike. Imagine the surprise of the lumberjacks when they were given army blankets and food, instead of having guns, bayonets and tear gas turned against them. A committee appointed by Benson effected a settlement which provided for union recognition, a closed shop, an 18-percent increase in wages, an eight-hour day and government investigation of sanitary conditions at the camps. Contrast this with the reception the lumberjacks recently received in the Upper Michigan Peninsula when they attempted unionization.

At Albert Lea, the Independent Union of All Workers declared a sit-down at the American Gas Machine Company. Upon threat of court action they evacuated the plant, but this did not prevent an accommodating judge from issuing an injunction and warrants for the arrest of the strike leaders, charging "constructive contempt of court." A vigilante citizens' committee was formed at Albert Lea to do away with the union. To aid in the work of "mopping up," the sheriff swore in some 200 special deputies.

These deputies early one morning descended upon a handful of pickets before the plant and beat them up; marched to union headquarters, where a few of the strikers had gathered, shattered the windows and filled the place with tear-gas bombs. As the workers were forced to leave, the deputies fell upon them. Union headquarters were demolished.

A man-hunt throughout the city was undertaken. Every man found wearing a union button was lodged in the county jail. Men were yanked out of cars, dragged out of beer parlors, taken out of their homes. Fifty-two union men were arrested in this orgy to "rid Albert Lea of the union."

When news of this wholesale lawlessness on the part of the local authorities and business men reached the Governor's office, he left at once for Albert Lea. There he sent for the injunction judge, but the judge had departed—hurriedly. The prosecuting attorney was not to be found. The Governor ordered the sheriff to release the workers.

The sheriff looked at him dazed. It really was a bit irregular. "On whose responsibility?" he asked. "On my responsibility," Benson replied. "We will argue the legality of it later."

The jail doors opened.

The Governor summoned to his hotel room heads of the citizens' committee and said: "You people pose as the defenders of law and order, but you are the criminals and should be behind the bars instead of those workers. These men have committed no crime. You have been flouting the law of the land which says that the workers have the right to bargain collectively in unions of their own choosing."

An official of the company union asked the Governor for a hearing. "Company unions are fakes and

have no place in this proceeding," the Governor replied sharply. "I don't care to listen to you." Governor Benson remained right there on the job until he won for the workers the right of collective bargaining in a strike which had virtually been lost.

The Governor intervened in a strike of electrical workers in Minneapolis against the power company. There was danger that electric power for the entire city would be shut off, causing a great deal of public suffering. But this fact, the Governor told officials of the company, could not be used by them to defeat the legitimate demands of the strikers. If necessary, he indicated, the state would take over the plant. The strikers in this case won a sweeping victory. Every demand of the workers was granted and they were even paid for the time they lost on strike.

The same story is repeated in the strike of plasterers and lathers in St. Paul. The St. Paul automobile sales agencies have recognized the right of their salesmen to bargain collectively. Without intervention on the part of Governor Benson, this strike of white-collar workers would have been lost and their union destroyed.

In St. Paul the employees of the Lowry Hotel went out on strike the very day the American Institute of Banking started a national convention. The Minnesota Tourist Bureau was scheduled to

show some Minnesota pictures to their out-of-state guests. But the Governor instructed the tourist commissioner that no state employee would be permitted to pass through picket lines, bankers or no bankers. The employees won the strike.

One of Benson's outstanding services to the workers of Minnesota was his recent refusal to renew the license of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. The Governor based his action on the revelations made before the La Follette Senate Committee Investigating Violations of Civil Liberties, which exposed the work of the detective agency in large-scale anti-labor espionage. The Pinkertons now cannot operate in Minnesota.

In his labor-relations policy, Governor Benson says that he is merely following the pattern cut out by his predecessor, Olson, whom he reveres. He is setting a record of performance in behalf of labor not even remotely approached by any other Governor and is showing to the workers of America what it means to them to have a political party of their own. So-called liberal Governors, as has been recently amply demonstrated, render only lip service to labor. A real labor Governor (or Farmer-Labor Governor) renders genuine service. Benson is pointing the political direction for labor in this country to take.

A. I. HARRIS.

On the Labor Front

I: The CIO at Atlantic City

ALMOST two years to a day from the birth of the Committee for Industrial Organization, and in the same room where it was formed, the unexpected proposal for unity between the A. F. of L. and the CIO was made at the conference in Atlantic City. It was a dramatic moment, a climax to the mass movement of the CIO, which in two years could speak in terms of millions of organized workers, of a billion dollars added to the wages of the workers, of contracts with employers by tens of thousands, many of them in industries never before organized.

The meeting had been closed until the announcement of the peace proposal. The press were on the outside when Heywood Broun moved that they be admitted. Bellboys sped through the halls, calling the correspondents from their rooms to hear the resolution and Lewis' dramatic speech, which seemed somehow to close the first great organizational period which has recreated the American labor movement.

The call for a national convention of the CIO is, of course, closely bound up with the peace proposal. It is at once a promise to its membership and a threat to the A. F. of L. It is significant

that the peace proposal was not made until the CIO topped the A. F. of L. in stature, and when new defections from the Federation were threatened.

Between the two dramatic moments of the unity resolution and Lewis' impressive closing speech, the achievements of the CIO and its aims and aspirations were passed in review.

Some of the accomplishments of the CIO are common knowledge, but an outstanding fact, and one which seems to have been lost sight of amid the clamor of an organized anti-labor barrage, is how much organization has taken place since the setback in Little Steel. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand more steel workers have been brought under contract in the last four months. There have been great organizational drives which, had they occurred two years ago within the A. F. of L., would have been widely publicized. Great campaigns which have brought in hundreds of thousands of workers have gone on so quietly that they have been almost unnoticed. Over a dozen new internationals have been formed in the period and scores of new unions enrolled.

Unnoticed, too, is the fact that in the petroleum industry, with its half-million workers, a union membership of a hundred thousand has been rolled up, largely under closed-shop contracts. Among the

great companies, Standard Oil alone has resisted organization.

Only six months ago, District 50 of the United Mine Workers of America entered the coal-tar-chemical industry to organize the chemical workers in gas and coke—the by-products of coal. It was found impossible to organize coal-tar products alone, so among the new plans made at Atlantic City was a drive under James Nelson, the young president of District 50 of the U.M.W. of A., to organize all the chemical workers in this country.

Some great accomplishments were not even mentioned on the union floor. Paul Fuller, the regional director of the Southern Ohio district, never reported to the conference that he had turned Cincinnati, cradle of one of the first Manufacturers' Associations, into almost as well unionized a city as Detroit and Pittsburgh, or that he had organized without a strike tens of thousands of workers in the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and West Virginia. Portsmouth, Ohio, the home of Wheeling Steel, is practically a CIO town.

The conference looked forward to new expansion into difficult and unorganized fields. Walter Smet-hurst of the United Mine Workers heads the new set-up for organizing the workers of the miscellaneous trades and the common laborers of the country. A Department Store Organizing Committee of six persons was formed, headed by Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and Samuel Wolchek, president of the Retail Employees, to lead an organizational drive. Another of the new drives to be undertaken immediately is organizing the furniture workers, who have only 60,000 union members out of a total of 500,000.

Of necessity a contrast suggests itself between the Denver convention, with its fighting words and display of invective, and the Atlantic City conference, where little time was spent on the A. F. of L. and no time at all on vituperation. The consolidation of past gains, the reaffirmation of responsibility toward contracts, comprehensive legislative and social programs and the problems of further organization crowded out the conflict between the two bodies.

Here gathered together were the young and the old pioneers of the labor movement—the older men who had launched the great adventure of the CIO and the young men who had come to the fore as able leaders of the newly organized. Between them one sensed an immense vitality. Such men as Michael Quill, veteran of the Irish wars, who organized his big transport union almost underground; James B. Carey of the Radio and Electrical Workers, still in his twenties, slender, youthful and alive with his enthusiasm; Joe Curran, who had led the seamen against the corrupt practices of the old Seamen's Union; Lewis Merrill, president of the United Office and Professional Workers, one of the liveliest unions of the CIO, full of plans for the future; Harold Pritchett, president of the International

Woodworkers of America and one of the ablest labor men on the Coast. These are only a few of the leaders of labor's new forces which form the CIO. Even without a constitution, it is a more compact organization than the A. F. of L.

The meeting at Atlantic City probably marks the end of the heroic period of the CIO. Now comes the time for the consolidating of gains, for the education of the masses of new union members, for expansion in the political field, and, if the A. F. of L. will agree, for a great united labor movement.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

II: Labor Slate in Detroit

THE United Automobile Workers and the CIO in Detroit chalked up another in a series of political victories for labor when voters nominated an entire labor slate—including one candidate for mayor and five for common council—in the primaries on October 5. The campaign for the elections in November is in full swing and the jitters suffered by Detroit Tories during the primary campaign are developing into genuine hysteria over the prospect of a labor mayor and a labor majority on the council of nine members.

In the primaries the labor candidate for mayor, Patrick H. O'Brien, former state's attorney-general, a liberal Democrat with an honorable past labor record, ran second to City Clerk Richard W. Reading. Reading received 137,984 votes to O'Brien's 99,129, both of them far outdistancing former mayor and present council president John W. Smith, who received 68,827. Out of a field of sixty-six candidates—eighteen to be nominated and nine to be elected—the labor candidates finished in this order: Maurice Sugar, UAW counsel, seventh, 88,108 votes; Richard T. Frankenstein, UAW vice-president, ninth, 83,486; Tracy M. Doll, president of the Hudson Local, thirteenth, 68,217; Walter Reuther, president of the UAW West Side Local, fourteenth, 68,074; and R. J. Thomas, president of the Chrysler Local, seventeenth, 54,591. Sugar was led by six incumbent councilmen.

The diligent and energetic UAW-CIO campaign has transformed the union structure into the physical trappings of a political machine. Faced with well trained politicians armed with smooth-working organizations, the CIO political-action committee found that the unions provided not only voters but campaign workers and necessary equipment as well. Local union and district offices became ward and precinct headquarters. Chief shop stewards became ward chiefs and precinct captains. Soundtrucks that last winter blared forth directions and encouragement to pickets and sit-down strikers carried the campaign to plant gates and residential sections.

Opposition candidates found themselves at a complete loss for issues and for answers to those advanced by the labor slate: the administration of the police department, the whole question of civil liber-

ties and the present housing shortage in Detroit. One of the seventy important posts appointed by the mayor is that of police commissioner. O'Brien flatly promised that his first act would be to discharge the present labor-hating commissioner, Heinrich Pickert, who has demonstrated his Nazi sympathies and storm-trooper methods in strike emergencies. O'Brien's opposition, not daring to make the same promise and yet afraid to defend the unpopular commissioner, remained noncommittal. The labor slate proposed an intelligent, constructive housing program to be carried on with federal aid. On this point other candidates were extremely vague or, as in the case of mayoralty candidate Smith, proposed to house the homeless in abandoned street cars.

Otherwise the opposition candidates contented themselves with warnings against "outside" control of Detroit's city government. They charged that the labor slate was destroying the "non-partisan" character of the elections and that labor candidates were not qualified by experience to hold office.

The election of Sugar and Frankenstein is regarded as almost a certainty. O'Brien has to gain strength to beat Reading, a clever machine politician, and the other three councilman candidates have to be pushed up into the first nine. There are several untapped sources of votes. Registration has been reopened and many UAW members who did not vote at all in the primary will vote in the finals. Nationality and race groups not reached during the primary campaign will vote for labor if urged to do so.

All in all, the prospects look good. Even if the labor slate is not completely successful, several genuine labor candidates on the council can change considerably the complexion of Detroit's civic life. And if it is completely successful, the country will witness the phenomenon of a labor government ruling what, a year ago, was America's champion open-shop city.

Detroit.

FRANK WINN.

III: Dave Beck Is Beaten

THE A. F. of L.-CIO war on the Pacific Coast centers on two persons—Dave Beck of Seattle, big boss of the A. F. of L. teamsters, and Harry Bridges of San Francisco, leader of the CIO longshoremen. Beck has things pretty much his own way in Seattle, where he practically runs the town. In September, through his teamster leaders in California, he tried to bring the war into the enemy's territory, to wreck the longshoremen's union and through it the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, which it leads, by tying up the San Francisco waterfront.

A minor "incident," involving movement of goods from a locked-out warehouse, precipitated the trouble, but it was merely the long sought excuse. The "incident" involved the warehousemen, and control of the warehousemen was Beck's primary object. Until the longshoremen organized the warehousemen, nobody had ever bothered with them.

Since they were organized by Bridges' union, they naturally voted overwhelmingly for CIO affiliation and, in fact, are in one union with the longshoremen. They were a tempting morsel—8,000 of them in the Bay District—and the teamsters' mouths watered. Suddenly Beck, and his henchman Joe Casey, A. F. of L. organizer and son of the late Mike Casey (for many years tsar of the San Francisco teamsters), and John P. McLaughlin, local teamsters' president, announced that the teamsters had jurisdiction over the warehousemen. "No," said the warehousemen, "we voted to join the CIO and the Wagner Act gives us a right to belong to a union of our own choosing."

"We're not interested in votes," Beck retorted, literally. "All we care about is that the A. F. of L. has given jurisdiction over the warehousemen to the teamsters. All the warehousemen have to do is to obey the laws of the A. F. of L."

To enforce this union-kidnaping scheme, teamsters were ordered to refuse to take away from the wharves goods unloaded by the longshoremen until the warehousemen joined the A. F. of L. The goods piled up, but shipping was not stopped, for the state-owned Belt Line Railroad carried a good deal, and other goods were shipped via San José and sent up to San Francisco by train. Tentative picketing of warehouses also failed to stop shipments.

The teamsters were commanded next to picket the piers. If the other maritime unions had refused to pass the teamsters' picket lines, no ships could have sailed and the whole port would have been tied up. But every one of the marine unions voted to go through the lines, with the technical exception of the Masters, Mates and Pilots, though even their officials (with their tongues in their cheeks) told them "not to jeopardize their contracts." The sailors, who are rather seriously at outs with the longshoremen, hesitated at first, but in a day or two they held a meeting and decided also not to respect the teamsters' picketing.

Henry Schmidt, newly reelected president of the San Francisco longshoremen, brought a soundtruck down to the Embarcadero, the street facing the waterfront, and moved the hiring-hall down with it—in other words, instructed his men to get their assignments from the dispatchers right on the waterfront, instead of in their hall a block away.

Then the teamsters opened a hall and announced that they were organizing warehousemen and longshoremen into a new union, "loyal to the A. F. of L." The longshoremen picketed the hall, and up to date so few men have joined the new union that the organizers refuse to give out numbers. Throughout, the longshoremen made it perfectly clear that they had nothing whatever against the rank-and-file teamsters, and that they understood the teamsters were forced on the picket lines by their officials. "When you fellows get hungry," said Schmidt, "we'll send you down our coffee-wagon."

In Oakland about 300 members of the Teamsters' Union met, declared they had had no union meeting

for five months and had never been asked if they were willing to picket the docks, and stated they would go back to work the next day—which they did. They are all, quite unalarmed, facing suspension. In San Francisco, J. E. Ferguson, secretary of the marine firemen, after trying in vain to stampede his union out of the CIO, was accused in open meeting by Harry Bridges of having supplied forged union books and packed the meeting, so as to obtain a vote to refuse to work the steam-winch and thus prevent the longshoremen from handling cargo. He has been expelled, and all the local officers have been replaced by adherents of the “progressive group.”

By this time Beck could see which way the guns

were shooting and he was anxious to withdraw. The anti-union Associated Farmers provided the way out. They demanded opening of the port to move their crops, and the teamsters' officials capitulated with hysterical relief. In “decency and fairness,” they explained, they couldn't harm the big-time farmers. The “war to a finish” would go on, but in some other manner. Overnight the embargo was called off.

The teamsters have taken a terrible beating, they know it, the longshoremen know it, along with everybody else. All they have done is stir up revolt in their own ranks which may lead to secession and a mass migration to the CIO.

San Francisco.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

If I Owned a Newspaper

IF I OWNED a newspaper is not so hypothetical as it sounds. I owned a part of a newspaper—The New York Evening Mail, The New York Tribune, The New York World and The New York Herald Tribune—for thirty-three years. In each of these papers I ran a column—not a weekly or tri-weekly department of varying length, but a daily column one column long. I could say, and did say, what I liked about anything or everybody, as much or as little. In all those years no owner or editor ever asked me to write this or not to write that, or to devote more space to this or less to that.

I except a few things: My first editor, W. K. McKay of The Chicago Journal, told me not to use the word “crooks.” “Most of our advertisers are,” he said, “and they're sensitive about it.” On The Tribune I wrote a paragraph about Charles W. Morse. Morse, financier and steamship owner, was convicted of misapplication of funds owing to the failure of the New Amsterdam Bank. He entered the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta in January, 1910; he was pardoned two years later by President Taft, his physicians and attorneys convincing that soft-hearted executive that the state of Morse's health would not give him much longer to live. He died in 1933. I wrote a lot of indignant and, to my notion, satirical paragraphs, mostly to the effect that the unmoneyed crooks stayed in prison.

One paragraph ran: “Mr. Charles W. Morse, of Atlanta and New York, came back from Europe yesterday in good health and spirits. Lupo the Wolf, of New York and Atlanta, was reported in good health,” and another: “We hope that Mr. Leo M. Frank, of Atlanta, saw and was cheered by the picture, published Saturday, of Mr. Charles W. Morse as he was about to sail for Bermuda.” That, or something else, caused Morse to remove the advertisement of his steamship lines from The Tribune. “That paragraph cost us \$4,000,” Mr.

G. V. Rogers, the business manager, told me. “Try to make 'em a little cheaper.” Mr. Rogers was good-natured, especially as The Tribune in 1914, when the paragraphs appeared, could not afford to throw \$4,000 out of the window.

Later, in 1921, P. F. Collier and Son ran a full-page Sunday advertisement of the Five Foot Shelf. I kidded the priggishness of it; the notion that the bookworm was a fascinator. My stuff was nearly a column long, and—I read it the other day, sixteen years after publication, and knew it for one of my few good pieces—I received this letter:

March 30, 1921.

Mr. Adams:

I want to thank you for “The Art of Fascinating,” which you ran in yesterday's column.

It has only cost us about \$12,000 in the first 24 hours.

My congratulations on your effective work.

G. V. R.

But even then I was not asked to lay off advertisers.

Those were the exceptions from 1903 to 1921. In 1928, for The World, I wrote a paragraph quoting an advertisement: “Advertising English by Saks-Fifth Avenue: ‘The Last Word . . . even for we moderns.’” And a day or two later I wrote: “Not to be outdone by Saks-Fifth Avenue, Franklin Simon and Company advertised: ‘Hats for She Who Wears the Largest Head Size.’” It is true that many an advertiser thanked me for printing such slips in English, but Mr. Florence D. White, business manager of The World, wrote this memorandum to Mr. H. B. Swope, the executive editor:

Why not order F.P.A. to ignore advertising copy on his criticisms? He has the whole Book World to shoot at.

Why not, at the same time, order him to stop advertising stores in his column?

Do you think these uncalled-for slaps at the advertising managers of Saks & Co. and Franklin Simon & Co. renders the work of Mr. Merrill's department any easier in going up against wounded pride?

No other newspaper in the country would stand for this deviltry of an employee.

Why do we?

Mr. Swope told Mr. White that he thought a number of advertisers liked to be criticized. "They like to get their names in print that, after all, is not particularly critical." Swope, however, suggested that I leave out the criticism of advertisers. "There has been no holler," he added. "But, with all Literature, Drama and the other Arts—with all of which you are familiar—from which you can make a selection of subject, why waste time on advertising writers." Incidentally, Mr. White thought that The World always overpaid Heywood Broun and me, regardless of our salaries; as far as I know, Swope always stood up for us against White.

Naturally, my experiences as a newspaper writer would influence my ownership of a mythical newspaper. These are some of the things that I would do:

I would run it as a morning tabloid. The news stories would begin on page 1, and if long enough would be continued on page 2; I would avoid the big "jumps" prevalent in most newspapers. Except in rare instances news would be unaccompanied by pictures. The paper would be a daily, the Sunday edition being no more voluminous than the other six issues.

I would have no comics, or comic strips.

I would have no syndicated features. If you wanted to read my Broun or Thompson or Winchell—maybe I wouldn't employ any of them—you would have to buy my paper; my writers wouldn't be under the pressure, subtle or definite, of having to make their stuff just as readable—or as mediocre—in Eastport, Maine, as in Seattle, Washington, the same morning.

My paper would cost five cents a copy so that circulation and distribution would at least pay for themselves. A newspaper selling at two cents does not pay the expenses of composition, ink, paper, distribution and personnel; therefore the importance of advertising is overemphasized.

Advertisers would have no influence on the editorial department and there would be no such thing as a b.o.m., which, as all my former buddies on city staffs know, is Business Office Must. Nor would I attack an advertiser in or out of the paper merely to exhibit my paper's courage and independence.

I would be independent politically. By independent I mean independent, and not (Ind. Rep.) or (Ind. Dem.).

I would pay excellent salaries, as a minimum. And I should issue to the staff quarterly statements of profits and losses. There would be salary revisions once a year, based upon the annual statement. If the paper lost money, nobody would be cut below

the minimum; if the paper showed a profit, salaries would be adjusted proportionally—not on the bonus system, but throughout the year.

I would run at most two editorials, oftener one. This is the New York Daily News's way, and a good way, too. I would print the names of the editorial writers, and maybe I would have each editorial signed.

It is absurd to say that I would run an honest paper, or one characterized by good taste. Those are matters of definition. My honesty is somebody else's quixotism, or compromise; my good taste is somebody else's Nice Nellieism, or vulgarity.

I would run crime stories when the news demanded their printing.

My sport department would not be topheavy. That is, it would not specialize in fights, baseball and racing at the expense of golf and tennis and other amateur sports. I would eliminate ballyhoo—whipping up interest in a fight, or a football or baseball game. I would print attendance figures only when the record was official. The overestimation of crowds by sport writers infuriates me, and while it is supposed to arouse so much interest that everybody will want to go, it more often has the effect of keeping people away. Besides, many of the advance estimates are made in order to do a favor to some manager whose business will be increased by such publicity.

I would have an exchange editor who read the out-of-town papers mostly for the purpose of finding some bushel-hid talent.

Mr. Rollin Kirby tells me that if he owned a newspaper he would immediately hire The London Evening Standard's cartoonist, David Low. If he wouldn't come, I would get Kirby or The Baltimore Sun's Edmund Duffy. My cartoonist could pick his subject; it could be political, social, literary or anything else he might choose.

I would try to get the best foreign correspondents, realizing how many countries there are that would throw them out if they told the truth, and that in most nations truth-telling dries up the sources of news.

I would charge a high rate of advertising, believing that advertising space is proportional; that if the largest advertisement were two columns instead of two pages, a half-column would be a big display.

I would print no Society News, as such.

I would keep editorial bias, not only from news stories, but also from headlines. Most papers will tell you that this is what they do; The New York Times is the least frequent offender in stories and headlines. Most other newspapers offend by condoning the political or other prejudices of the owner. A copyreader consciously or unconsciously wants to please the boss. He writes "Hoover Defies New Deal" or "Roosevelt's Court Plan Wise, Say Senators." All this could be obviated by a vigilant and ethical managing editor. He should tell the copydesk that the paper wants headlines to be

unprejudiced; and whenever a biased headline appears, the copyreader should be told that it violates the principle—my principle, anyway—of newspaper ethics.

I would spend at least six or seven hours a day in my office. I would know every member of the editorial and business staffs, to any of whom I would be easily accessible.

Every member of the staff would read most of his paper every day. At intervals I would have brief quizzes on matters connected with current news events.

Obviously, my theatre, music and book-review departments would be as editorial as good criticism should be.

I would get out the kind of newspaper that I, as a reader, would like to read, as opposed to a fictitious reading public whose wants I uncannily knew. I might soon lose even my unlimited money, but I would not, at any rate, be like Kin Hubbard's friend, Tilford Moots, who "wuz over t' th' Henryville poor farm th' other day t' see an ole friend o' his thet used t' publish a newspaper thet pleased ever' buddy."

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Second Mortgage

THE BELL rang and I went to the window to see who it was.

"Don't answer it," my father called. "It may be a summons."

"They can't serve summonses on Sunday," I said, parting the curtains cautiously.

"Don't answer it, anyway." My father came into the living-room. He didn't know how to handle bill-collectors. They bullied him and he made wild promises, very seriously, to pay, and never did and they'd come and hound him terribly. When he was home alone he never answered the doorbell. He never even went to look to see who it was. He just sat in the kitchen reading the paper while the bell clanged over his head. Even the postman couldn't get the front door opened when my father was home alone.

The bell rang again. "What the hell," I said, "it's only a little old lady. She's probably selling something. We can open the door."

"What for?" my father asked. "We can't buy anything."

I opened the door anyway. The little old lady jumped when the door swung back. Her hands fluttered. They were plump little hands, swollen, without gloves. "I'm Mrs. Shapiro," she said, waiting.

I waited. She tried to smile. I waited sternly. Strangers are never friends at the doors of the poor. I was only seventeen but I had learned that anyone who rang our doorbell might turn out to be the Edison Electric Company or the Brooklyn Borough Gas Company, intent on shutting off the electricity or the gas.

Mrs. Shapiro hunched inside her shapeless little coat. "I own the second mortgage," she said.

Still I waited, sternly. Another enemy.

Her hand came out, cold, plump and pleading. "I want to speak to your father, maybe," she said.

My father had retreated to the kitchen and the Sunday Times, hoping that nothing would happen at the front door that would require his tearing himself out of that peaceful welter of journalism.

"Pop!" I called. I heard him sigh and the rustle of the Sunday Times as he put down the editorial page. Mrs. Shapiro came in and I closed the door. My father came in, wiping his glasses, longing for the kitchen.

"This is Mrs. Shapiro, Pop," I said. "She owns the second mortgage."

"Yes." Mrs. Shapiro was eager and bright and apologetic for a moment. She moved into the middle of the room. There were runs in her fat little stockings and her shoes were shapeless. "I came because. . ."

"Yes," my father said, with his imitation of a businesslike attitude, that he always tried on bill collectors and which he lost as soon as they started to bully him. "Yes. Of course. Just a moment. . . My wife . . . my wife knows more about this than . . . Oh . . . Helen! Helen!"

My mother came downstairs, fixing her hair.

"Mrs. Shapiro," my father said. "The second mortgage. . ."

"It's this way," Mrs. Shapiro said, moving toward my mother. "In 1929, I. . ."

"Won't you sit down?" My mother pointed to a chair. She glanced at my father, tightening her mouth. My mother was always contemptuous if my father proved unequal to the task of beating off the representatives of our poverty.

Mrs. Shapiro sat on the very edge of the chair, leaning forward, her knees together. "The second mortgage is eight hundred dollars," Mrs. Shapiro said. We all sat silent. Mrs. Shapiro was disheartened by the silence, but she went on, her fat gray cheeks moving anxiously over her words. "Eight hundred dollars is a lot of money," she said.

We didn't contradict her.

"In 1929," Mrs. Shapiro said, "I had eight thousand dollars." She looked to our faces for pity, envy, anything. We sat there expressionless, with the faces of people who have become used to owing money. "Eight thousand dollars. I worked all my life for it. I had a vegetable store. It's hard to make money in vegetables nowadays. Vegetables are expensive and they spoil and there is always somebody else who sells them cheaper than you can. . ."

"Yes," my mother said, "vegetables are very expensive. I paid twenty cents for a head of cauliflower yesterday. . ."

"It wasn't any good, either," my father said. "I don't like cauliflower. It reminds me of cabbage, somehow."

"When Mr. Shapiro died of cancer, it took him two years to die," Mrs. Shapiro went on, trying to please us. "I had eight thousand dollars. I had rheumatism and high blood pressure and I couldn't take

care of the store any more." Once more she begged our faces for that crumb of pity. "I took the eight thousand dollars out of the bank and I went to Mr. Mayer and I said, 'Mr. Mayer, you're a big man, you have a fine reputation, I am giving you a widow's life savings, invest it for me so that I have enough to live on. I don't need much, Mr. Mayer,' I told him, 'just a few dollars a week until I die, that's all,' I said, 'just a few dollars.'"

"I know Mayer," my father said. "He's not doing so well now. The Trust Company's in receivership now."

"Mr. Mayer," Mrs. Shapiro said with passion, her fists quivering on her little thighs, "is a crook! He took my money and he put it out in second mortgages. Eight thousand dollars' worth of second mortgages!"

She stopped. For the moment she could not say another word.

"Today," my father said, "even first mortgages are no good. Nothing's any good any more."

"In the last two years," Mrs. Shapiro said, her eyes brimming with tears, "I haven't got a penny out of them . . . out of eight thousand dollars' worth of second mortgages, not a penny." A little rag of a handkerchief came out and wiped at her eyes. "I used to go to Mr. Mayer and he'd tell me I'd have to wait. How long can I wait? I don't have with what to eat now, as it is! Can I wait longer than that?" Triumphant she wept. "Now Mr. Mayer won't see me any more. They tell me he's out when I go there. It doesn't do any good to go there." She stopped, wiping her eyes. We sat, uncomfortable and still.

"I'm going to the houses where I have the second mortgages," Mrs. Shapiro said. "Nice houses, they are, like this. With rugs and curtains and steam heat and something cooking on the stove that you can smell inside. I have the second mortgage on houses like that, and I don't have enough to eat. . . ." Her tears soaked through the rag of a handkerchief. "Please," she cried, "please—give me something. I don't want the eight hundred dollars, but something. It's my money . . . I have nobody. I have rheumatism and there's no heat in my room and there're holes in my shoes. I walk on my bare feet. . . . Please. . . . Please. . . ."

We tried to stop her but she kept on, crying, "Please . . . please . . . just a little bit. A hundred dollars. Fifty. My money. . . ."

"All right, Mrs. Shapiro," my father said. "Come back next Sunday. I'll have it for you then."

The tears stopped. "Oh, God bless you," Mrs. Shapiro said. Before we knew what she was about, she flung herself across the room and was on her hands and knees in front of my father and was kissing his hand wildly. "God bless you, God bless you," she cried over and over again. My father sat through it nervously, trying to pick her up with his free hand, looking pleadingly at my mother.

Finally my mother could bear it no longer. "Mrs. Shapiro," she said, breaking in over the "God bless

you's," "listen to me! Stop that! Please stop it! We can't give you anything! Next Sunday or any Sunday. We haven't got a cent."

Mrs. Shapiro dropped my father's hand. She stayed on her knees in front of him, though, looking strange there in the middle of our living room. "But Mr. Ross said. . . ."

"Mr. Ross is talking nonsense!" my mother said. "We have no money and we're not going to have any. We expect to be thrown out of the house any day now! We can't give you a penny, Mrs. Shapiro."

"But next Sunday. . . ." Mrs. Shapiro tried to make my mother understand that she didn't expect it now, not for another week.

"We won't have any more next Sunday than we have today. And we have eighty-five cents in the house right now, Mrs. Shapiro!" My mother stood up, went over to Mrs. Shapiro, where she was kneeling on the floor. Before my mother could touch her, Mrs. Shapiro keeled over onto the floor, hitting it heavily, like a packed handbag that's been dropped.

It took us ten minutes to pull her out of her faint. My mother gave her tea, which she drank silently. She didn't seem to recognize us as she drank her tea and made ready to go. She told us that this was the fifth time in two months that she had fainted like that. She seemed ashamed of herself, somehow. My mother gave her the address of a doctor who would wait for his money and Mrs. Shapiro went out, her fat, shabby stockings shaking as she went down the steps. My mother and I watched her as she shambled down the street and disappeared around the corner, but my father went in to the kitchen and *The New York Times*.

She was back the next Sunday and two Sundays after that, ringing the bell, but we didn't open the door. She rang for almost a half-hour each time, but we all sat quietly in the kitchen, waiting for her to go away.

IRWIN SHAW.

Last Song

Where shall we go
In the evening snow

With the throat shaken
By the word unspoken

To the room unlit
By the gas-lamp jet

And the heart breaking
For want of speaking

With the tune on the tongue
And the song unsung

The dark descending
And love ending.

WILLARD MAAS.

Shoot the Works

*Broun Acknowledges a Long Standing Debt—Dr. Holmes Made Him What He Is Today
—But Is Not Satisfied*

PRAISE from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed and a crack on the conk from John Haynes Holmes is not lightly to be laughed aside. And so I was deeply distressed to read in *The New Republic* last week the rebuke administered to me by the good pearl-gray pastor. The fact that it was in the form of a prayer made the admonition contained cut all the deeper. Moreover, my trouble was doubled by the circumstance that my life has been largely shaped by Dr. Holmes, and while it may be an embarrassing revelation to him, it is literally true that he kept me in the newspaper business when I was half-way out.

No doubt he has forgotten the incident. It occurred almost precisely twenty-six years ago. I was a cub reporter on *The New York Tribune*. Having just flunked out of Harvard I was still wet behind the ears. John Haynes Holmes was young, a Unitarian and a resident of Brooklyn. The city editor sent me to the house of Holmes to follow up a sermon that the young clergyman had preached upon the Ten Commandments. It seems the preacher wished to have them rewritten.

When I arrived at the parsonage I got the details only in the rough. Here there is a lapse of memory. Either I was a singularly bad reporter or Dr. Holmes had failed to keep a carbon copy of his pulpit talk. It comes back to me that one of the substitute commandments read, "Thou shalt not sweat labor," and the rest were in the same vein. My year at Harvard was 1910 and the chief members of the group were Jack Reed, Ham Fish and Walter Lippmann. There was no class consciousness in those days. Being brash and an imitator of the late Richard Harding Davis, I decided to treat my assignment in a comic vein. Twenty-six years ago a little editorializing sometimes crept into the news columns. The notion which animated me was that maybe something funny could be set down about a young Brooklyn Unitarian who volunteered to play rewrite man for the Lord God Jehovah and use a blue chisel on the tablets from Mt. Sinai. At any rate I went back to the city room and proceeded to be very, very comical on my typewriter. The next day a friendly reporter told me, "There is hell to pay about you and that preacher over in Brooklyn. Burdick wants to see you."

George Burdick was our city editor, a shy man, but in a roundabout way severe. As I sat down beside him he looked across the big room at the distant sports department and said, "Mr. Broun, you have not been with us long and I have grave doubts whether you will remain with us much longer. Apparently you have not learned that on *The Tribune* we demand complete accuracy from all our reporters. I understand that you grossly misquoted John Haynes Holmes in the story which you wrote and we printed this morning. I am willing to give you one chance. Go over and talk to him and see what he has to say."

Half an hour later I was back again in the parsonage with my hat in my hand and my tail between my legs. Dr. Holmes greeted me politely but coldly. The feeble

autumn sunlight wandered across a Brooklyn backyard and accentuated my impression that my journalistic career was in a highly deciduous condition. Framed in the morning twilight I faced the severe countenance of a consecrated young man. I thought then, as I still think, that it is a lovely head. But the expression was not warm. On the contrary it was a little weary. Possibly John Haynes Holmes had some premonition of the quarter of a century that lay ahead of him and of the service that he would give along the front fighting for righteous and decidedly unpopular causes. I stated my case.

"Your city editor is mistaken," he answered. "I made no formal complaint to *The Tribune* about your story. Just by chance one of your editors is a parishioner and in casual conversation I mentioned your story. And it wasn't a lack of accuracy of which I complained. It was a mood to which I objected. We live in a world in which it is considered a crime to take yourself seriously. Nothing is important. We should all be good fellows. The man who wants to change anything is a crank. And, most of all, I am appalled by the young men and women who come out of college trained to take everything as a joke. There are a great many things that aren't funny. I think it is better to burn than be a wit."

Naturally these are not the precise words which the young clergyman said. After all, twenty-six years have gone by. But much of it comes back to me as if it were yesterday. My job was at stake. And even beyond that I was impressed both by the words and the personality of the preacher. This was the first time I had ever met a dedicated person. As it happened, I had been brought up in the Episcopal Church. Nor had there been any professor at Harvard who stressed the importance of being earnest. John Haynes Holmes suddenly grinned in friendly fashion. "You don't want to hear another sermon," he said. "You want a note for your city editor."

"Yes, father," I replied.

The man who could make or break me reached for a pen, some ink, a letterhead and a piece of blotting paper. He wrote, "City Editor, *New York Tribune*, Dear Sir: I have no complaint to make about the accuracy of the story written by your reporter, Mr.—."

Dr. Holmes looked up. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Heywood Broun," I told him. "That's B-r-o-u-n and the Heywood has an 'e'."

He accepted my advice and went on to write, "In no way whatsoever have I been misquoted. My remarks were accurately taken down."

"Will that do?" asked the young Unitarian.

"It's perfect," I answered and scurried back to Burdick. And from that day until the moment of writing I have had a newspaper job, barring one or two short lapses. Naturally, I pay close attention to any advice that John Haynes Holmes may care to give me. Once he saved my job. Now if he wants to pray for me and save my soul I would be a fool not to play ball. But I am puzzled. Twenty-six years ago when my mind was more plastic than it is now he told me that it was vital to take yourself seriously. Now in his letter to *The New Republic* he prays for a deflation of intensity and hopes that I may be restored to that geniality which was mine before I saw the light in the Brooklyn parsonage.

All right, padre, I'll try, but I am skeptical as to whethe-

I can make the grade at my age. Dr. Holmes even invites me to play the part of the Prodigal Son. I will accept that role and seek to eke out my declining days with never a harsh word for any man. But one stipulation I insist upon. If I come back to the fireside of unbroken friendliness for all I must at least have the privilege of nominating the fatted calf who is to be butchered in my honor.

HEYWOOD BROWN.

Washington Notes

Promoting Southern Industries—Funny Business in the Democratic National Committee—Russia's Role in the Far East

A SHORT time ago in these Notes, an account was given of the anti-administration activities of Colonel Lawrence Westbrook, once a conspicuous New Dealer and deputy administrator of the WPA. Colonel Westbrook is trying to organize the commissioners of agriculture in the South for the announced purpose of defeating Secretary Wallace's farm bill. It now appears that another conspicuous New Dealer, Mr. Lawrence Wood ("Chip") Robert, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has persuaded seven Southern state Governors to finance an industrial promotion bureau whose program, if not actively opposed to the administration, at least needs explaining.

Briefly, Mr. Robert has persuaded seven Southern states to pledge a fund of \$100,000 for the present year, and \$250,000 a year thereafter, to advertise the South to big and little-scale industry. The professed model for Mr. Robert's organization is the New England Industrial Council, which is supported by the legislatures of the six New England states and which has had considerable success in attracting new industries.

There is nothing necessarily wrong in Mr. Robert's endeavors. The South needs industries greatly, especially small industries to supply its own people. But in announcing his organization's program, Mr. Robert said that it would emphasize that, among other great advantages, the South possessed a "moderate climate which makes possible lower living costs," and "native-born labor, efficient and reasonable. . . ." That is precisely the talk of Southern enemies of the administration's wages-and-hours bill, which in a few days will be submitted to the special session of Congress. Since Mr. Robert and the seven Southern Governors who stand behind him are all Democrats, and extremely influential party members, it seems important to know whether they mean to throw their weight against the bill or whether they are willing to support it.

What makes this question particularly interesting is the fact that Mr. Robert, besides being "industrial consultant" to the Southern Governors' group, is likewise an official of the Democratic National Committee and a good friend of Mr. James A. Farley. Incidentally, he is also a good friend of Colonel Westbrook. It seems to this department that some confusion may arise between Mr. Robert's function as spokesman for a group endeavoring to exploit the South's low wages and his function as a high official of the party that is trying to enact a minimum-wage law.

The situation is even more delicate than this. Mr. Robert happens to be chairman of a Democratic group

known grandly as The Committee, with an office on F Street in Washington. A member of its executive board is Mr. Charles West, Assistant Secretary of the Interior and White House lobbyist at the Capitol. The work of The Committee is never publicized, but one thing it does is to arrange evening meetings at which prominent New Dealers lecture on the administration's objectives.

However, The Committee is also sponsor of an enterprise known as The Audit, about which considerable mystery exists. As nearly as this department can discover, Democratic Party leaders a short time ago became convinced that something was wrong with their collection system. Thousands of job-holders in Washington have not been kicking in the prescribed ten percent of their pay to the party treasury, and—up to now—have excused themselves by pleading that their local boss, back home, had been bearing down on them, and that they had already kicked in their ten percent to their home-state or home-town treasury. The Democratic leaders have come to suspect that these stories are no more than a crude stall, designed to defraud the party of its rightful dues. Hence The Audit, which seems to have been thought up about two months ago, at the end of the last session of Congress. The Audit is going to tear the mask from party ingrates. An audit, or check-up, is to be made in the case of all government officials who say they have contributed to their local party treasuries, and, if any of them are found to be fibbing, a black mark will be listed against their names in the Democratic National Committee's books, and when they ask for new appointments or raises in pay, their hypocritical conduct will appear against them. It is intended that The Audit will be concerned not only with the more highly paid appointive officials, but will reach down to bookkeepers, stenographers and filing clerks.

Skipping over the ethics of shaking down government workers, let us get back to Mr. Robert. He would seem to occupy a strategic position. As chairman of The Committee, he has a great deal to do with the collection of money for the Democratic Party. As an official of the Democratic National Committee, he has at least a minor voice in how the money is to be spent at election time. Certainly his position in the party makes his selection for the job of luring industry to the South open to misconception. An observer might almost get the notion that the Democratic leadership was not truly and whole-heartedly behind the New Deal's policies.

During the last few days, I have been impressed by the growing appreciation of the part that Soviet Russia is likely to play in any international action taken in the Far East. As is generally known, a number of Moscow officials closest to former Ambassador Bullitt were either exiled or shot in the Trotskyist purge. Because of the present reluctance of Russians to fraternize with foreigners, Ambassador Davies and his associates have found it difficult to establish new channels of contact. As a consequence, many administration officials here—although not all—have tended to leave the USSR out of their calculations. For no apparent reason, however, this attitude seems suddenly to have changed. It is recognized that if any action is taken by the Great Powers to oppose Japan, the USSR, as Japan's nearest neighbor, will have to assume the lead, and also bear the greatest risk. Many officials think that

an international boycott, or any similar move, would immediately create a state of great tension between Japan and Russia, and perhaps lead to a desperate Japanese attack on Siberia. Despite Mr. Roosevelt's challenging words, if Japan is to be quarantined, the USSR willy-nilly must be quarantine officer.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Mr. Aldrich Sticks His Neck Out—Thin Markets Are Healthier Than Fat Ones—Does Wild Stock Trading Help Business?

GOOD OLD Wall Street has just ploughed under another crop of shirts. The denuded patriots, who blamed the monster strip act on the Senate in 1929, now charge their latest unshirting to the SEC. And, to my very great surprise, they have found a highly respectable champion in Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich of the now highly sanctified and regenerated Chase Bank.

I was surprised and disappointed. Mr. Aldrich, given his philosophy and his point of view, could be listened to with respect denouncing surplus-profit taxes, criticizing New Deal banking policies, lamenting the President's gold and borrowing stratagems. But it is a little disillusioning to find him stepping out in front and holding out his chin for the dear old Stock Exchange, bemoaning "thin markets," denouncing excessive supervision and investigation by the SEC and, above all, attacking the restraints that have been put on the market activities of corporation officials.

The last spot on this earth from which a squawk about restraints on insiders should come ought to be the Chase National Bank. As a matter of fact the clause in the Securities and Exchange Act dealing with the trades of insiders is known as the "anti-Wiggin" section. No institution in America has been a more direct beneficiary of this clause than the Chase National Bank.

It was the Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate which went over the affairs of the bank and revealed how Mr. Albert Wiggin, Mr. Aldrich's predecessor as chairman, used funds borrowed from the bank, through a series of personal holding companies, to trade in the bank's stocks and how the bank suffered vast losses.

As a result of these disclosures the bank was enabled to cancel an arrangement by which it was paying Mr. Wiggin \$100,000 a year for life. There is a neat saving in itself. But besides this the bank or its stockholders instituted a suit against Mr. Wiggin for several millions of dollars' losses arising out of acts of his disclosed by Mr. Pecora. It is not long since, I believe, that Mr. Wiggin settled this claim by handing over to the bank a cold million.

Without the supervisory and investigational machinery of the government the bank would never have known of these things. Mr. Aldrich confessed as much. When he was asked why the bank had granted a hundred-thousand-dollar pension to Wiggin, he replied that the bank's officials did not know then what they knew since the Senate Committee had done its work, and he added that the directors did not have as many investigators as Mr. Pecora and could not find out.

And later, when Mr. Aldrich was under the spell of the penitential mood, he came before the Senate Committee and urged that the New Deal had not gone far enough in its banking law in curtailing the activities of bank-corporation executives in their own personal relations with and about their banks. There are still too many Mr. Wiggins in the cabbage patch, as the irrepressible Lawton Mackall aptly observes.

Mr. Aldrich is quite correct when he says that the SEC has made the markets thinner. One way to make them fatter would be to turn Mr. Meehan, Mr. Smith, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Charlie Wright, Mr. Matthew Brush, Mr. William C. Durant and their like into the market once more. The clause against artificial manipulation, fictitious trading, could be repealed and all the grand old pool operators, with their publicity men, their options, their tipster sheets, their bank funds, their specialists, their customers' men, could set to work to bait the gullible public into the great Goose Trap at Broad and Wall.

Of course the margin rules should be changed. Instead of \$55 margins the deluded victims might come in with \$20 ones. They could then buy twice as much stock. The brokers themselves could go along with their old practice of trading without margin at all. There is not the slightest doubt that this would promptly add breadth and height to the market. But who doubts that it would also, in the end, add depth to it?

The SEC Act has, therefore, tended to make the market thinner by keeping the pool operators, the jigglers and the hot money out of it. It would not be true to say this job is yet fully done. But the attack on the market's obesity has been begun. And to the great advantage of everybody except the brokers and gamblers who made money out of it.

Now the papers wait breathlessly for the hoped-for life line from the administration—from the Federal Reserve Board or the President himself. They think the margin rule, at least, should be mitigated. But the administration would make a grave mistake if it yielded to this.

The administration has no right to assume that stocks ought to be higher than they are. Who has decided that the price level of stocks after the break was an unjustified level? Take radio stock. How much is that worth? It was selling at a little over 12 at one time this year and as high as 14 last year. It went down to 4½. Which price is right? Is the government going to say it should change its rules to enable the stock gamblers to get radio up to 12 again? Since 1924, radio has sold all the way from \$2.50 a share up to \$420. Millions of shares have changed hands. Yet in all that time it has never been worth a dime as an investment. It has never paid a penny dividend and no one can say that it ever will.

What has the wild trading in this stock got to do with any sort of essential business activity in this country? What difference would it make if only ten shares a day were bought and sold, so far as business, even the radio business, is concerned? Why should the United States government concede that it ought to let the banks pump more money on less margin into the market to enable more people to buy more radio stock at higher prices and thus lose still another crop of shirts? The government should not be moved from the course of wise aloofness by the cries of the stripped and the strippers in Wall Street.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Coming to Carry Me Home

Exhibition of Paintings, by John McCrady. Boyer Galleries, New York City. October 11 to October 30, 1937.

AS IN most cases, when it comes to a painter's reviews, Mr. McCrady will have to take his medicine. The critic will write variously. He may use the artist to hit other people or other theories over the head with, or may point a moral of places and themes, localities and social bases. He may discuss some of the work as art, a transcription of some experience into the medium of painting, and again he may not. In case he does not, it will be just as well perhaps. The problem of conveying in words the qualities present in paint is usually all but impossible; and the amount of blather heaped up and current in this field is pretty sickening. The excuse for it largely is that our country is used to being fed thus and takes its vigorous pap from such nurture; and so the artist may be helped one way or another by the process.

Mr. John McCrady, then, whose exhibition at the Boyer Galleries is, among many other admirable things, entertaining, would, if he were not sitting rightly at home in New Orleans, hear just now a good deal of talk about glazing. From time to time we have all pondered how painting must be in cubes, shivers, non-representational, impressionistic, post-impressionistic, surrealist and what not; and now for a morning or so the notes in newspapers and magazines—they are both enthusiastic and useful—tell readers that he underpaints and glazes; and whether this is a new movement or what, who knows? First, a thin veil of color, we read, applied to the original drawing is given a day or so to dry. Then light masses are brought out with white, after which the underpainting is given a few weeks to dry. Following a light intermediate varnish, color glazes are applied. This permits light to penetrate the transparent colors to the white underpainting and then be reflected back, giving a luminous effect foreign to ordinary opaque painting. That, of course, is an ancient and honorable method. The accounts of the three stages of a painting of Titian's, for example, recorded by divers persons at first-hand, are easy to find. El Greco's process is so evident as to become part of the pleasure we may get from the picture. Rubens, though he often painted a free *alla prima*, which is to say straight in, without underpainting, was the greatest master of all in the other method. To painters one of the wonders of time is his *tour de force* in "The Adoration of the Magi," in which the whole vast composition was first painted as a ground sketch in brown and then glazed into its final completion.

Mr. McCrady, of course, with Breughel very much at his heart, would make no bones about this; he would merely be surprised to hear his pictures' visitors looking for the glazing. And the painting where, lying back, he sees himself and the green world and the darky ministrants in a mirror at his feet gets the same kind of off-the-point astonishment, as if the sixteenth century had not amused itself with this same manner of grotesque. Mr. McCrady, because he paints Negro life, their houses, occupations and spirituals, will have also to be patient while he hears that he is like "the author of the great American drama, 'The Green Pastures.'" As a matter of fact, the only parts of "The Green Pastures" that are worth a rap come out of

the writings of Roark Bradford, and one of the shocks of our theatre history is that it should ever have been recorded otherwise. So that if you are meaning Mr. Marc Connelly as the author of this "great American drama," Mr. McCrady is not like him in the least, anything but. He is like Roark Bradford in a certain affection of approach and a genuine familiarity with the Negro material, but his work is both more generalized and more intense. When naïveté is introduced he is apt, when most successful, to exhibit less of the folk and more of the medieval. In his exhibition this last quality appears most of all, obviously, in the painting most spoken of, the "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," where Breughel, with a special exception of the surface and patina desired, has been used in element after element, detail after detail, fitted to the imagery of the Negro mind and soul, used beautifully and well, with something from Italian fresco added.

There are nineteen pictures in the exhibition, with such titles as "Mississippi Storm," "Frightened Horses," "Domestic Trouble," "Devil Beating His Wife," "Political Rally," "Church Supper," "House on the Hill," "Woman Mounting a Horse," "Town Square." All but three or four are there in Mr. McCrady's own country, largely in his little Mississippi town of Oxford. He had never seen an original work of art, he says, till he was nineteen, and says that after a few months of the Art Students' League and New York he could stand it no longer, took refuge in painting the Southern material stored already in him, and presently went back to his own. He is twenty-six now and his home is in New Orleans, where he paints and goes on record as saying that "man has no world to paint but his own. I can't see the sense of continuously going from place to place in search of something new and interesting. In one small Mississippi town I find unlimited material to paint." And "I have lived in the South most of my life, and probably will remain there, feeling as I do that some day out of this section will come a very wholesome and good art." All that and the other things he thinks make perfect sense so long as they have such simple truth for him and so long as he feels them and says them without being vulgar, out for publicity, insistent or smart aleck. His work is entirely without the stench or promotion of these qualities.

The most marked defect, it seems to me, in a good many of these paintings of Mr. McCrady's lies in a tendency now and again to lumpishness; in the figures chiefly. At times his people are reduced and simplified with dignity, pictorial instinct toward outline and mass, and a certain myth-making. At times the figures suggest an overdose of Rivera fresco on the poorer side, or something of that sort; the delineation of the world of nature and objects surrounding the figures differs in some wrong way from that of the figures themselves, in the amount of detailed rendering, or, if you like, the kind of attention given, or, we might even say, in style. Time can remedy this. The merits are plentiful: a sense of tone, a remarkable observation of small or characteristic facts, an impression of plenty and energy and brooding plus a long and loving care in the execution, especially in the later work. There is too an abounding sense of *con amore* both as to the medium and the subject matter. And he is willing to take a chance.

It would seem from what this artist has told the Boyer Galleries, that his family was of help to him. One of his

older sisters gave him a small set of oils when he was fourteen; he learned a great deal, he says, from his father, who is dean of the School of Philosophy at the University of Mississippi; and his older brother, connected with the University of Pennsylvania, sent him reprints of paintings and took pains about his coming to Philadelphia, etc. For those accustomed to the themes of hating your parents, state, town and first years, this in an artist must remain as something to be swallowed, that's all. I once lived in the same town as Mr. McCrady's and am familiar with his attitude. There is also his characteristic of combining an acknowledgment and respect and debt to the traditional with an almost unconscious but strong individualism. That is one aspect at least of the sort of thing called Southern conservatism by people who have no idea what it is about—shall we wait and judge by its fruits? And there is something else to think over: that combination of the passionate and the passive, a kind of arrogant vitality, as it were, and voluptuous harmony.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

"Newspapers in Italy are under the control of government to a certain extent," Dr. Frugoni said, "but that makes them more accurate. If they do not tell the truth, the Italian government is lying and that is a serious thing."—*Dr. Piero Frugoni, Italian physician and Fascist Party member, interviewed in The Minnesota Daily, campus paper of the University of Minnesota.*

BELASCO, Opposite White House. Held over second big week. The picture that makes strong men faint. New and bare facts. "Birth": The Duties of Motherhood. (Formerly shown as "Sins of Love.")—*From a theatre ad published in The Washington News.*

BETTER SKIP IT, THEN

Empress Nagako today penned a poem of consolation for families of soldiers at the front. In the difficult classical form, which compresses a single thought and a single sentence into four lines, she wrote:

There are no words

With which to console families

Who live in worry

Over sons and fathers at the front.

—*Associated Press dispatch from Tokyo to The New York Times.*

JESUS-HELPS DEPARTMENT

Speaking as a believer and as a successful exponent of the practical application of Christianity to life, James L. Kraft, chairman of the board of the Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, told the students of Wheaton College this morning that the turning point in his life as a Christian and as a business man came when he decided to let God run his business. . . . When he was a young man and driving about the country as a beginning cheese salesman, Mr. Kraft told his audience, one day his business fell so low that he determined to return to Chicago and admit that he was licked. Speaking to his horse, Mr. Kraft said, "Paddy, what is the matter with us, anyhow?" Then, he said, he heard a voice say clearly, "You are working with-

out God." Right there, Mr. Kraft told the students, he stopped and decided that without the help of God, he could not succeed. Turning again to his horse, Mr. Kraft said, "If that is all that is the matter with us, let's let God run the business."—*From a news release sent out by Wheaton College.*

THE CLOCK STRIKES FORTY

The hour has come for words which smell. . . . Heaven send us a rabble-rouser of the Right.—*Walter B. Pitkin writing in Advertising Agency, as quoted in The Sharon, Pa., Herald.*

UP-THE-REBELS DEPARTMENT

Marjorie Castle, style director of R. H. Macy & Co., gave high praise to the courage of the Parisian designers who, "realizing the gravity of political and financial European conditions," have dared this season to use furs, silks, gold and silver so lavishly.—*From a news item in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Praise from Sir Hubert

SIR: As a so-called American "Rightist" regarding such contemporary areas of conflict as Fascist Italy and General Franco's Spain, I wish to go on record as stating that I would rather have written Mr. Granville Hicks's "Letter to Robert Hillyer" in the October 20 issue of The New Republic than any modern poem I can think of, at the moment, except, perhaps, "The Waste Land." Wolfe (the British general, not the admirable novelist) admitted a preference for writing Gray's "Elegy" over his impending capture of Quebec; and, in this instance, I am wholly on the side of the, happily permanent, military caste. The New Republic appears committed to a certain attitude toward such national, or international, situations as the present struggle in Spain, an attitude which occasionally results in regrettable articles like Mr. Spender's recent one on the holy zeal displayed by the Loyalists in preserving religious art—regrettable because they are partly, or wholly, untrue. But, aside from your option on publishing my letter, no other power will restrain me from praising the talent, the superb spirit and the well merited savagery of Mr. Hicks's rhymed review of Professor Hillyer's latest volume of verse.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

Japan's War on Civilians

SIR: Several statements have been issued from official and semi-official Japanese sources during the last few days, both in Geneva and elsewhere, with a view to giving the impression that the Japanese air force has been concentrating its attack on only Chinese military establishments.

The actual facts, reported not only from Chinese but also from neutral sources, do not support these Japanese assertions. Will you permit me to give your readers a few of the facts?

1. The Shanghai correspondent of The London Times on September 5 reported that Japanese bombers "have also twice raided the small walled city of Changshu, sixty miles northwest of Shanghai; through which troops have passed, but in which none is regularly quartered. Eight hundred persons were killed and 2,000 injured. . . . If international law forbids attacks on non-combatants

in the time of war, it will be impossible for the Japanese to justify many such actions as the foregoing when they are not at war and claim only to be attempting to persuade the Chinese to agree to damaging political demands."

2. Describing the Japanese air raids of Nanking on September 19, The Times's correspondent said on September 22:

The bombing was almost indiscriminate except as regards foreign buildings.

3. The correspondent of the same paper made the following indictment against the Japanese air force when reporting raids on September 22:

Nanking was twice bombed by the Japanese today, in the morning by about 50 airplanes and by an unknown number in the afternoon. There is no information here about the damage done, but it is known that the afternoon raid was concentrated on the residential quarter and that incendiary bombs were dropped.

4. On the following day, The Times describes the bombing of Canton as follows:

Heavy toll of civilian life was taken in a Japanese air raid on Canton yesterday. Most of the bombs fell on dwelling houses.

Under the heading of "No military objectives hit," The Times published the following from Reuter's Hongkong correspondent:

Most of the bombs fell in the densely packed dwelling areas of the poorer classes. No government building or military establishment was hit.

5. Under the heading of "Village bombed in S. China," The Times published, on September 28, the following in a dispatch from Hongkong:

Reports from many scattered areas reveal that the Japanese have raided many Kwangtung points in the past few days. They include Samshui and Sainam on the West River; Pakiang; Fayuen and Fatshan; and also Paisha, Pingwu and Linwu, near Hongkong. These places are of no military importance.

6. On September 29, The Times published a message from its Hongkong correspondent, as follows:

A Chinese report states that Japanese airplanes flew over Chingyuan, an *unfortified* town north of Canton, at 3:20 this morning while the population was asleep. Five bombs landed in the most crowded quarter, killing two hundred persons and demolishing scores of houses.

The above are only a few of the reports sent by neutral sources and published by a leading journal known to be impartial which has never been accused of sensationalism—hundreds more, substantially the same, have appeared in other papers in Great Britain and elsewhere. They are tragic evidences of the real intention of Japan's fighting services to (in their own words) "raze Nanking to the ground" and "beat China to her knees" by slaughtering the civilians.

Other civilian centers raided during the last week by Japanese war planes included:

Hsiakwan district outside Nanking;
Yenohowfu and Tsinan in the Province of Shangtung;
Hsuehchow, Haichow and Tsingkiang-pu in the Province of Kiangsu;
Wuchang and Hankow in the Province of Hupeh;
Kwangteh and Wuhu, in the Province of Anhui. The latter open town had been previously declared by the Japanese a "safety zone" and not to be bombed.

It is known that many hundreds of civilians have been killed as a result, although definite figures are yet unavailable.

Indiscriminate air bombing has been closely followed by indiscriminate sinking of defenseless fishing junks. To this outrage on innocent civilians, women and children included, there are many foreign neutral witnesses. No amount of paper whitewashing will be able to obliterate these atrocities.

C. KUANGSON YOUNG,
Shanghai, China. Director and Editor, China Press.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Michael Woolf of Brooklyn, New York, writes in praise of Granville Hicks's "A Letter to Robert Hillyer" (October 20). "When political controversy reaches the stage of expression in poetic form," he says, "we can be sure of a healthy and civilized arena of battle." . . . Clarence Armstrong of Warners, New York, voices his disapproval of a policy of isolated neutrality: "Personally, I think that a war against fascism is entirely justifiable." . . . On the other hand, Mrs. Bertha Mallett of New Milford, Connecticut, feels that a war of hate against the Japanese might have the reverse effect of strengthening the Fascist forces.

Miss Amelia Hammer of the Artists' Union of America sends us a summary of the charges her union has brought against Miss Mary Curran, regional director of the WPA Federal Art Project for Pennsylvania: that she has discriminated against workers because of union membership, that she has acted in violation of established procedure in labor relations and that she has alienated the cooperation of important public institutions with the Art Project program. The Artists' Union is demanding the removal of Miss Curran as regional director.

William Schenk, 2841 North Racine Avenue, Chicago, appeals for correspondence with readers of The New Republic who have letters or other first-hand material about John Peter Altgeld, Governor of Illinois, who died in 1902, and whose biography Mr. Schenk is preparing. . . . Joseph Lewis of New York City, who thinks that Commissioner Moses deserves a medal for the new West Side Highway, looks forward to the reelection of Mayor LaGuardia as mayor of New York City by an overwhelming majority. . . . Gregory Mason of New York City salutes R. P. Blackmur for his expose of the "bright-eyed, flannel-mouthed myth of Maine" in The New Republic for October 13. . . . The New York Chapter of the League of American Writers writes to announce a membership meeting, open to the public, on Friday, October 29, at 9 P.M., 314 West Twenty-first Street, at which Ludwig Renn will speak.

Grant C. Haas of Madison, Wisconsin, feels that the United States has no purpose in injecting itself into the Far Eastern crisis on moral grounds unless we also interest ourselves in the continuous series of violations of international law and ethics that have occurred since the World War. . . . The Gallup Defense Committee, Box 863, Santa Fe, New Mexico, appeals for funds to continue the fight for the two remaining Gallup prisoners, Juan Ochoa and Manuel Avitia, whose sentences of forty-five to sixty years were sustained by the New Mexico Supreme Court on August 25.

William M. Chadbourne of the American Committee for Peace and Security in the Pacific, New York City, writes urging individuals and organizations desirous of helping the refugees from bombed Chinese cities to send their contributions to local chapters of the American Red Cross, which has undertaken to forward aid to the proper Chinese agencies.

What's on the Air?

Madame H. H. Kung, wife of the Chinese Minister of Finance and acting Premier of China, speaks from Shanghai about the undeclared war, Thursday, October 28, 5:30 P.M., CBS.

Morgan Jones, a member of the British Parliament, speaks on the subject of the partition of Palestine, Saturday, October 30, 9 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

William Jay Schieffelin, chairman of the Citizens' Union, discusses the "Progressive Party Program," Monday, November 1, 11:05 P.M., CBS.

Musical programs of the week include an international broadcast from London with Arturo Toscanini conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, October 30, 3:30 to 5 P.M., NBC-Red Network; the weekly broadcast of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society with John Barbirolli conducting, Sunday, October 31, 3 to 5 P.M., CBS; the Philadelphia Orchestra with Eugene Ormandy conducting, Monday, November 1, 9 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and a second broadcast of the BBC Symphony Orchestra with Arturo Toscanini conducting, Wednesday, November 3, 3:15 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Benton of Missouri

TOM BENTON hates intellectuals; two years ago he left New York and moved to Missouri, partly because he really loves Missouri, but also because he was hoping to leave the intellectuals behind. He hates ideas, or at least he talks a lot about hating them. Traveling over the great plains, he wants to run and shout at the top of his voice—"I like the way they make human beings appear as the little bugs they really are. I like the way they make thought seem futile and ideas but the silly vapors of the physically disordered." Yet Benton's own book¹ is full of ideas, almost to the exclusion of personal emotions. His life story is that of an American intellectual, one who revolted against his own kind but never quite succeeded in breaking away.

After reading "An Artist in America," I went down for another look at the Benton murals in the New School for Social Research. I hunted for reproductions of his other murals, those in the Whitney Museum and in the Indiana section of the Century of Progress Exposition, and those in the Missouri State Capitol that raised a windstorm of protest. There, I thought, were his real books, rich in anecdotes and observations and theories about American life, literary in the best sense of the word. His life story ought to be read as a sort of explanatory catalogue to his paintings.

The virtues of the paintings are intellectual; their faults seem to be faults of sensibility. To give a very simple example, the composition is generally much better than the color, which seems to me cold, sometimes deliberately offensive and almost always lacking in sensuous pleasure. The heads of the figures are better drawn than the bodies. I could talk for hours about the heads that Benton has sketched in his travels—miners, plantation overseers, field hands, old back-country fiddlers, done so that each of them is a complete individual and yet at the same time a representative of his class and section. But apparently Benton takes no such pleasure in drawing the human body. His figures have clubfeet and hands that look as if they were encased in thick Canton-flannel gloves. The torsos, if naked, are shown with strained and tortured muscles, and yet are strangely motionless. Of course it may be that Benton never learned how to draw bodies; he tells us that he rebelled from art school and preferred to work alone. But it seems to me that what he reveals is a sort of Midwestern puritanism that still, subconsciously, finds the body sinful and therefore wants it to be ugly.

He has the Middle Westerner's deep respect for facts. Before painting his Indiana and Missouri state murals, he studied American history like a student cramming for his June examinations. Still better, he wandered through the countryside, listening, watching, sketching. Benton during his travels has acquired more knowledge about American life than any other painter has ever possessed. And it is not merely a knowledge of surfaces: he tells us how it *feels* to be a Southerner in overalls, a Westerner in levis, a go-to-Jesus hillbilly, a Louisiana shanty-boatman. But also he has theories about America, which he advances both in his book and, implicitly, in his painting.

¹ *An Artist in America*, by Thomas Hart Benton. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 287 pages. \$3.75.

Benton is a nationalist. He believes that this country is the best in the world, and different from any other. He believes that it ought to keep out of foreign entanglements, political or artistic. He believes that foreign theories don't apply to it and will only make trouble if imported. I was almost going to say that he believes in our Manifest Destiny, as expounded by his namesake and near relative, old Senator Benton of Missouri. There is no use arguing about this set of beliefs (though Benton loves to argue). They are dangerous, but apparently they have helped his painting, since they encouraged him to use the subject matter that was nearest, instead of imitating the latest imitation of Picasso. They encouraged him to travel southward and westward, at first on foot, then later in a broken-down Ford, and to observe the real diversity of the country—at a time when other artists were complaining, from their Paris studios, that America was dull and completely standardized. I say that the beliefs encourage all this, but of course the truth is that the beliefs came afterwards. The practice came first and it was good, no matter what the beliefs that it embodied.

In practice, when Benton speaks of the American nation, he means the ordinary people that compose it, and not the rich people that own and exploit it. He doesn't idealize the workers, as do most of the proletarian artists; but he knows them and paints them in preference to country clubmen or Colonial Dames. He paints them in foundries and harvest fields, or at home reading the paper with their feet on the kitchen stove; he paints their wives changing diapers; he paints lynchings and barroom ribaldries, and always he manages to offend the nice people who think that American history should be kept safe in moth balls. He is right, too, in all his quarrels with respectability.

The trouble is that Benton's nationalism shows a tendency to become exclusive. He defines the real America to suit himself; he puts everything and everybody else outside the pale. New York, for example, is not American, nor are the New York intellectuals, nor are the ideas that they import from Europe. This leads him on toward his mistrust of ideas in general—the chief result of which is not, as I have said, to stop him from thinking, but merely to make his thinking lazy and confused. At crucial points he relies on his instincts, which fortunately are sound. But Tom Benton is getting to be an important man, a teacher with many pupils, a leader in a continually growing group of Midwestern artists. There is nothing to guarantee that someone among his pupils or associates won't carry his theories toward their logical limit; all theories move in that direction. In this case, the logical limit would seem to be a sort of anti-foreign, anti-Red, anti-Jewish, anti-intellectual ku-kluxery, a homespun and hayseed fascism advanced under the pretense of fighting fascism and communism and all un-American doctrines. There are vague signs that such a movement is beginning among the artists. But if it gets to be dangerous, I hope and believe that Benton will be among the first to fight it.

His book, incidentally, talks less about the author himself than any other artist's autobiography that I have read. Most of it is a record of things seen and people met during his long wanderings through the country. The chapter on the South is by far the best. There are sixty-four Benton drawings that supply whatever vividness is lacking in the text.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

A History of Racism

Race: A Study in Modern Superstition, by Jacques Barzun. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 363 pages. \$2.50.

MANY WRITERS in recent years have told us that race is one of the potent factors determining the course of cultural and political history. The author of this book has taken as his thesis that the generating force is furnished not by racial differences in mind and body, which shift kaleidoscopically in time and place, but by race prejudice, which operates independently of physical facts. The author, whose approach is judicial and unheated, uses the more gentle term racialism. The heart of his book is a history of racialism as it appears in the literature of Western Europe of the last one hundred and fifty years. We have been so impressed with racialism in its acute form as it appeared in the War of 1914-18 and in the present expulsion of Jews from Germany that we tend to forget that it is a chronic condition, that it was not made in Germany, that neither Aryan, Nordic, Gaul, Celt nor any other most favored race has monopolized it, and that it derives its strength less from the ill will of one people for another than from the varied social, economic and political purposes of those who foster it between the outbreaks. These facts become clear in the detailed history of the idea in France. France is chosen for special emphasis not because it is peculiar in its racialism but because of the familiarity of the author with French literature.

The voluminous reading of French sources which antedated composition has yielded not only apt quotation and unobtrusive documentation but an impression that France was the center of this kind of thinking. Gobineau's essay on the inequality of races (1853-55) was, to be sure, a French product, but it influenced German thought at least as much as French, and German action more. This main figure of nineteenth-century racialism is presented by the author as a charming man and a first-rate intellect, but evidence for the latter judgment seems to be drawn rather from his personality and his influence on contemporaries and successors than from the intellectual quality of his published work.

That racialism, whether it stemmed from Gobineau or others, permeated the literature of nineteenth-century Europe, the ample evidence of this book leaves no doubt. It appeared also in the fine arts and it seemed to be the accepted thing to interpret Degas as a racial hybrid, or Berlioz as a throwback to the Gallo-Romans. Aryanism and Celticism acquired explanatory value not only in the arts but in anthropological literature as well. These are facts interestingly exposed and the permanent value as history of these sections of the book is enhanced by the excellent bibliographical notes in the appendix.

A purely historical and literary approach to the biological aspects of the idea of race, however, is bound to be less successful. A good deal of just criticism of nineteenth-century physical anthropology is accompanied by much that is unimportant. What was wrong with most of the anthropologists was not their methods of measuring skulls or heights, or even their penchant for unpleasant words like dolichocephalic to represent arbitrary classes of skull shape, but rather their explanation of differences, which might be real enough, and their failure to recognize the effects of their social and economic milieu upon their own thinking. They adopted the loose and shifting concept of race in advance of any idea of what the differences meant. Categories

adopted before mechanisms are known must perforce be temporary and race is just such a category. The author justly dismisses it as having none of the physical realities attached to it by the racialists.

He concludes with a quotation from Mill, "Of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." The vulgarity consists in the spirit in which the judgment is applied. One may gain a little comfort from an observation made possible by the index of persons quoted—that the best creative minds of the nineteenth century were not among the racialists.

L. C. DUNN.

Hizzoner

LaGuardia: A Biography, by Jay Franklin. New York: Modern Age Books. 176 pages. 35 cents.

THIS BIOGRAPHY of Fiorello LaGuardia is written in the manner of a blurb, and is obviously a campaign document. The research was done by Joseph C. Bailey; the writing by Jay Franklin. The former is sketchy, the latter glib.

The New York mayoralty campaign of 1937 is an extraordinary one; its circumstances and its central figure merit study. Mayor LaGuardia is supported by the Republicans, the independent pro-Roosevelt Democrats, the American Labor Party, the Socialists and the Communists. His allies range from the Red-baiter Harvey to Earl Browder. He is supported by the Old Guard Herald Tribune and the Communist Daily Worker. The position of the daring young man on the flying trapeze was sedate by comparison.

Mayor LaGuardia is at one and the same time the hope of the Park Avenue conservative goo-goos who want to keep Tammany out of office; the New Dealers and the Popular Fronters. Harnessed to his chariot is the desire of the reactionary Republican Harvey for an alliance in Queens against the Democratic machine; the eagerness of New York's transit interests to unload their decaying properties on the city via "public ownership" before the junkman carts them away; the ambition of New York's right-wing Socialists to run a labor party; the effort of the Communists to build a democratic coalition against fascism; the fear of the unemployed lest a Tammany victory leave them at the mercy of the same Catholic reactionaries who blocked ratification of the Child Labor Amendment in New York State; the refusal of labor to be led about any longer by Tammany wardheelers of the Joe Ryan type and its determination to keep in office a friendly and progressive, even though undependable, mayor. Local, state, national and international influences are woven into this complex pattern; progressive ideas and opportunist tactics are jumbled in its central figure, the human kaleidoscope, LaGuardia.

The Mayor's achievements are considerable; so are his shortcomings. One looks in vain here for understanding of either. Mr. Franklin is a man of the most disparate enthusiasms. From 1932 to 1937 he has swung all the way from sympathy with Nazism to New Dealism, and to judge from his temperament, political muddle-headedness and frequent oblique apologetics for Europe's fascist dictators, he may swing all the way back again. When Mr. Franklin sets out to be complimentary, he is not niggardly. LaGuardia in this book is practically hoisted into the presidency. He

is compared with Lincoln, Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, Norris and the elder LaFollette. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am going to vote for LaGuardia. A victory for Tammany would be a calamity. But I would prefer a better choice in 1940 than one between a reactionary and the mercurial LaGuardia. He is a friend of labor, but he took New York's taxi-drivers for a ride. He has been better than Tammany on relief, but he assailed the leader of an unemployed demonstration as a "yellow dog." He makes strong speeches on power, but he sabotaged the fight for a municipal power plant in New York City; strong speeches on milk, but the eight-cent municipal milk so blithely applauded by Mr. Franklin is invisible to the naked eye. He is a leader of democratic forces, but a dictator by nature. He trounces Hitler (to get Jewish votes) but plays safe on Mussolini (to keep Italian votes). He is loud in denouncing the interests but cautious in dealing with them. Wall Street knows that he is more bark than bite; a tub-thumper rather than a radical.

I. F. STONE.

People's Front Critic

Three Ways of Modern Man, by Harry Slochower. New York: International Publishers. 240 pages. \$2.

IT IS indeed a rare pleasure to find a Marxist critic who, instead of asserting that literature in general is based on social and economic foundations, chooses definite literary works and brings them into focus from a sociological point of view. Mr. Slochower's book is an exhaustive discussion of three big novels: Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter," as an expression of "feudal Catholicism"; Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," as a document of "bourgeois individualism"; Hans Anderson Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror," as representing "social humanism." He believes that these three novels are bound together by a negative denominator: all of them are anti-fascist.

In the case of each book, Mr. Slochower states the social assumptions that the novelist has left unspoken; he makes clear the specific social attitude and social blindness which the book expresses or conceals. He combines camera and X-ray: that is, he presents surface and skeleton simultaneously. The correspondence between the surface (contents of the novels) and skeleton (their social point of view) is presented clearly and irrefutably. Yet "Three Ways of Modern Man" impresses me as being only the first half of the book that Mr. Slochower might have written. There are two reasons why this is so:

First, a complete sociology of literature has to include an analysis not only of the social content but also of the styles and literary forms of the novels under discussion. Such an analysis of literary forms—as made already by Georg Lukacs—would prove that the so-called "proletarian" and "feudal" novels do not represent proletarian or feudal life in the same manner as the bourgeois novels represent bourgeois life. For the very conception of the "hero" in fiction corresponds with the pseudo-heroic individual of bourgeois society: that is, with the competitive man who has to fight his way through the social jungle. Now this hero conception does not apply to man in general. Not, for instance, to man who fights for a world to come rather than for a place within the existing world; who fights as comrade rather than as competitor. Thus one may conclude that the proletarian writer makes only provisional use of the existing novel form, particularly as he has already invented forms more adapted to his needs (Russian movies, e.g.). In short: Instead of comparing

Why did his two strange prophecies come true?



In 1909, George W. Harvey predicted that Wilson would be Governor of New Jersey in 1910 and President of the United States in 1912. Again, in 1919, more than a year before the nominating Conventions met, he flashed a sealed envelope before certain banquet guests and predicted the man would be President whose name the envelope contained. That envelope, when later opened, contained the name of Warren G. Harding. What knowledge lay behind Harvey's uncanny predictions? Was he a gifted clairvoyant—or simply the knowing oracle of America's 60 Families?

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three novels, Mr. Slochower might have compared the different forms of expression that correspond to each of his three ways of modern man.

The second reason is harder to state clearly. But I believe that explaining a novel as Mr. Slochower does, by bringing it into relationship with its social background, is only one of the methods of sociological criticism. A novel is not only a *specimen* that has to be explained and catalogued; it is also an *optical instrument* that helps to explain the specimens on which it is brought to bear. Not only do we learn to understand literary masterpieces by observing social facts; we also learn to understand social facts by employing literary works as microscopes. For Mr. Slochower, these three novels are merely subjects of attention. He throws lights on his microscopes instead of looking through them.

There is one other objection to what is in general a keen and scholarly book. In reading the last chapter, I was somewhat embarrassed to find that Mr. Slochower had transformed the negative denominator of anti-fascism into a positive denominator—to see that Mann's, Undset's and Nexö's quite different heroes were walking hand in hand, instructing and supplementing one another. This masquerade of mutual understanding—for it remains a masquerade—is apparently a literary result of the People's Front. Today the People's Front is urgent. But does the grandchildren's alliance make it necessary for all the grandparents to be members of the same club?

GUENTHER ANDERS.

The First and Foremost

Germinal, by Emile Zola. Translated by Havelock Ellis. With an introduction by Matthew Josephson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HALF A century old and still going strong. This new English edition, set in a readable type, was badly wanted. It serves to remind us again that it never hurts a writer to know what he's writing about. Zola knew his pits. With the result that the sheer exactitude of those pages taking you down into the Voreux, at the start of "Germinal," has almost the effect of a documentary film, imaginatively pasted up. (Almost—for the mine-as-beast symbolism spoils it.) What indeed carries "Germinal" is, to filch a word from the dramatic critics, its décor—that and the expert handling of the mobs. The "characters" simply ain't. From Etienne Lantier to Maheu's bambino they're all of the same stout-oak kidney as Charley McCarthy. But Zola, runs the alibi, wasn't concerned with individuals here. This amounts to saying that Zola wasn't concerned with the novel, and it's no go. See Gorky's "Mother." Precisely in the woodenness of his people is Zola's inferiority (as writer) to his Slavic bedfellow most evident; and his lack of human warmth, rather than his naturalism, may very well account for the distaste with which so many regard him—a ventriloquist's dodges not being sufficient, even in the proletarian novel (or has the term gone out?). The strike leader from the pits, Lantier, is with malice aforethought written up to seem chuckle-headed and so doubly a dummy—through him Zola unwittingly confesses that, while his heart was in the right place, he was himself a political innocent, back there in 1884. Yet—after all this popping off you have to ask: Since when has the U.S. produced a novel of industrial life that comes up to "Germinal's" belly button? Well, not since "The Jungle."

FRED R. MILLER.

Business Is Good

Spy Overhead, by Clinch Calkins. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 363 pages. \$2.50.

SPY OVERHEAD" is a book on the imperative list of everyone interested in the big industrial conflicts of today. It is the concentrated story of all the forces that are massed against the individual union worker. The book breaks up into different portions the incredible revelations of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, whose hearings ended this summer with the Chicago massacre. As Miss Calkins says:

The story of "Spy Overhead" is the story of the American industrial worker caught in a trap of commercialized espionage and violence. An odd assortment of evidence in the files of the Subcommittee on Education and Labor tells this story; secretly mailed requests to the President or the Department of Justice for bodily protection; income-tax reports; testimony of industrialists; of labor organizers, detectives, union men turned traitors, or union men who have refused to turn traitor; the testimony of labor pimps, munitions makers, sluggers and ex-convicts. Together they make a decipherable and appallingly true story more like fiction than fiction is itself.

The chapter "Is Gas Politer Than Guns?" stands out as something not to be omitted from the reading of any politically conscious person. It contains the revelations of Mr. Ignatius McCarty of the Lake Erie Chemical Company of Cleveland, Ohio, manufacturers of tear gas and tear-gas equipment, and his rivalry with his competitors, Federal Laboratories and Manville Manufacturing Company. Mr. McCarty tells how he demonstrated tear gas by throwing Jumper Repeaters and Baby Giants among the workers. He writes cheery letters to his chief, Mr. Ailes, vice-president of the Lake Erie Chemical Company: "Dear Mr. Ailes: You should have seen me in Stockton. I was not only up front but on top. I guess the Federal outfit will be sore when they see my picture in the paper."

His letters are surpassed by those of Mr. Roush, who writes to Vice-president Barker of Federal Laboratories, "Just a line to let you know I am alive and still waiting for a nice, juicy strike to happen up here. The darned things don't happen often enough to suit me." Earlier in the year, he wrote Barker: "Good news! I hear the milk strike is supposed to break today." Then, after pertinent comments on the D.M. and C.N. gas projectiles (sickening, nauseating and tear gas), he ends his letter with "I'll let you know as soon as possible the outcome of the milk strike. Here's hoping it's a good one!"

In another letter Mr. Roush writes to the vice-president of the Federal Laboratories: "Next month should be a good one. Another strike is expected in Imperial Valley for the cantaloupes. A national demonstration on April 16 of the pacifists. . . . Harvest season starts about the middle of June and continues through the summer and if everything works out the way the labor side of the question is concerned things will be popping."

And another salesman writes facetiously to Vice-president Barker: "I think someone should get out a restraining order to the President of the United States to prevent him from stopping all these strikes. It seems to me that his actions are absolutely in restraint of trade, that is—so far as we are concerned."

One sees the munitions buzzards stirring up trouble, leading mobs, competing jealously with one another for the

sale of True-Flight shells and gas—"more effective and terrifying because it is not possible for the rioters to determine where the gas cloud begins or ends, and whose pain from the high concentration of this gas in the eyes, nose and throat is almost unbearable." Those whose sales talks include the effective K.O. nauseating gas promise it will produce: (1) nausea and vomiting; (2) a sense of suffocation, as if several men were sitting on the chest; (3) intense pain in chest and head; (4) above effects last, if subjected to a good dose, from several hours to a whole day, but without producing permanent injury.

The total effect of this now established custom is summed up by Miss Calkins:

In reckoning the cost of espionage and strikebreaking, we should take notice of the intangible losses or the encouragement to betray and to expect betrayal; the destruction of hope for a better life; and those titanic impersonal losses, the preemption of the machinery of justice for private gain and the rape of public opinion. These form a subtle disaster whose victims cannot be listed....

The Senate will never have statistics on the economic casualties of this prolonged engagement; how many independent unions have been destroyed; how many company unions have been introduced by spies; how many organizers and officers framed, slain or sent away. But, thanks to the inquiry, volumes of documented description of these practices now exist.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

The Education of a Navajo

The Enemy Gods, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THIS IS the first novel on the contemporary Indian, suspended between his world and the white man's, in which a conclusion is reached not based on death or defeatism or the pure-wool blanket. It is a novel which could be written only after 1934, when the Indian Reorganization Act was passed. It is, in a way, "The Education of Henry Adams, Navajo"—dealing with the journeys of Myron Begay between the two worlds and his final adjustment to both. And it is a marked pleasure to have this novel done by La Farge, who has been doing some traveling himself since the days of "Laughing Boy."

In 1929 Mr. La Farge's Indian was not concerned with any world but his own. Laughing Boy remained a Navajo, speaking and thinking solely in Navajo; his love, however, had crossed, had disintegrated and met her death, as did Long Lance and Levi Horse-Afraid and those who had no hope. Mr. La Farge was not concerned with the programs of white friends; and in fact defended a dishonest official, Hagerman, from the attacks of politically conscious reformers, such as the present Commissioner John Collier; and in turn became an apologist for the ex-Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood, the morally conscious reformers. Today, however, La Farge is president of the National Association on Indian Affairs and supports Collier's program for cultural, political and economic autonomy for Indians. At the end of his trail Myron Begay says:

Our world is changed; that is no longer the way for me. Just following the old Navajo's way won't save us, and we can't walk in the white man's trail. We have to give up a lot of little ideas, that we have held because they were the best we knew. If we want to save ourselves, we have to learn to use the white man's

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knowledge, his weapons, his machines—and still be Navajos.

That's the IRA in a nutshell. The blanket will not be pure wool or Sears Roebuck, but the best of each in a realistic synthesis.

Unfortunately it is not possible to be so excited over "The Enemy Gods" as a novel. Mr. La Farge's education as a novelist trails his social progress. "Laughing Boy" achieved a highly pleasing unity between form and content, whereas the pattern of "The Enemy Gods" is more involved, disjointed, sporadic, the writing thereby uneven, impressionistic, and the story told too obliquely. La Farge knows his Navajos—perhaps too well—and consequently expects too much of his readers. Many characters are dimly drawn. The story is slow, interspersed with political and social episodes, and we are not engrossed until we're too near the end. When La Farge's sensitive talent coordinates his new material with a form that does not come between him and his reader we will have a greater book than "Laughing Boy." As it is, "The Enemy Gods" deserves a wider audience than it probably will get, and Mr. La Farge greater praise than he probably will hear.

ROBERT GESSNER.

ABC of Agrobiolgy, by O. W. Willcox. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 323 pages, graphs. \$2.75.

Three years ago, in "Reshaping Agriculture," Dr. Willcox told us, among other like marvels, how we could grow all we required of eight leading crops on an area approximately that of the present farm land of the state of Colorado. The new science from which such technocratic miracles are expected to flow is called Agrobiolgy, and in his present volume Dr. Willcox attempts to formulate its main principles with a view to their practical application by American farmers and gardeners. These principles are reducible to two factors valid for all plant life: the growth powers of the particular seed (or agrotype) used; and the physical characteristics of the soil upon which this growth must depend. The book is almost entirely concerned with a detailed analysis of these factors, in the course of which the attentive reader will gain a new insight into the fabulous possibilities of agriculture when aided by such things as Baule units of fertilizer, the "fertility index" of different plant species, "diffusion pressure," and by a thorough understanding of the chemical and mechanical characteristics of

soils suited to different growths. Theoretically, the picture drawn by Dr. Willcox is dramatic and exciting to a degree; actually, and in the absence of fundamental changes in our entire social system; Agrobiolgy must remain a counsel of perfection.

H. W.

Contributors

NATHANIEL PEPPER, the author of several books on the Far East, has returned recently from China. He has accepted a teaching position at Columbia University.

A. I. HARRIS is the editor and manager of The Minnesota Leader, published weekly by the Farmer-Labor Association of Minnesota.

MARY HEATON VORSE, journalist, short-story writer and novelist, has had a lifelong interest in the labor movement. She is at work on a book entitled "Labor Marches."

FRANK WINN is a member of the executive staff of the United Automobile Workers of America.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD has long been active in the labor movement on the Pacific Coast and is the San Francisco correspondent of the Federated Press.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS has been a newspaperman since 1903. "The Conning Tower," his daily column, was known throughout the English-speaking world.

IRWIN SHAW, author of the play "Bury the Dead," has contributed short stories and articles to various periodicals.

WILLARD MAAS has contributed verse to Life and Letters Today, The Virginia Quarterly, The Nation, Poetry and other magazines. He is the author of "Fire Testament," a first book of poems.

L. C. DUNN is professor of Zoölogy at Columbia University and editor of the journal Genetics. He is the author of "Heredity and Variation" and co-author, with E. W. Sinnott, of "Principles of Genetics."

I. F. STONE is an editorial writer on The New York Post and author of "The Court Disposes," published last spring by Covici-Friede.

GUENTHER ANDERS, Ph.D., exiled German writer and former correspondent of the Vossische Zeitung, has published philosophical books in German and French.

FRED R. MILLER, short-story writer and former editor of Blast, is now living in Brooklyn.

ROBERT GESSNER is the author of two studies of Indian life, a novel, "Broken Arrow," a volume of verse, "Upsurge," and a factual study, "Massacre," from which the moving picture was made. He is an instructor in English at New York University.

The initials signed in the brief review are those of Harold Ward.

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